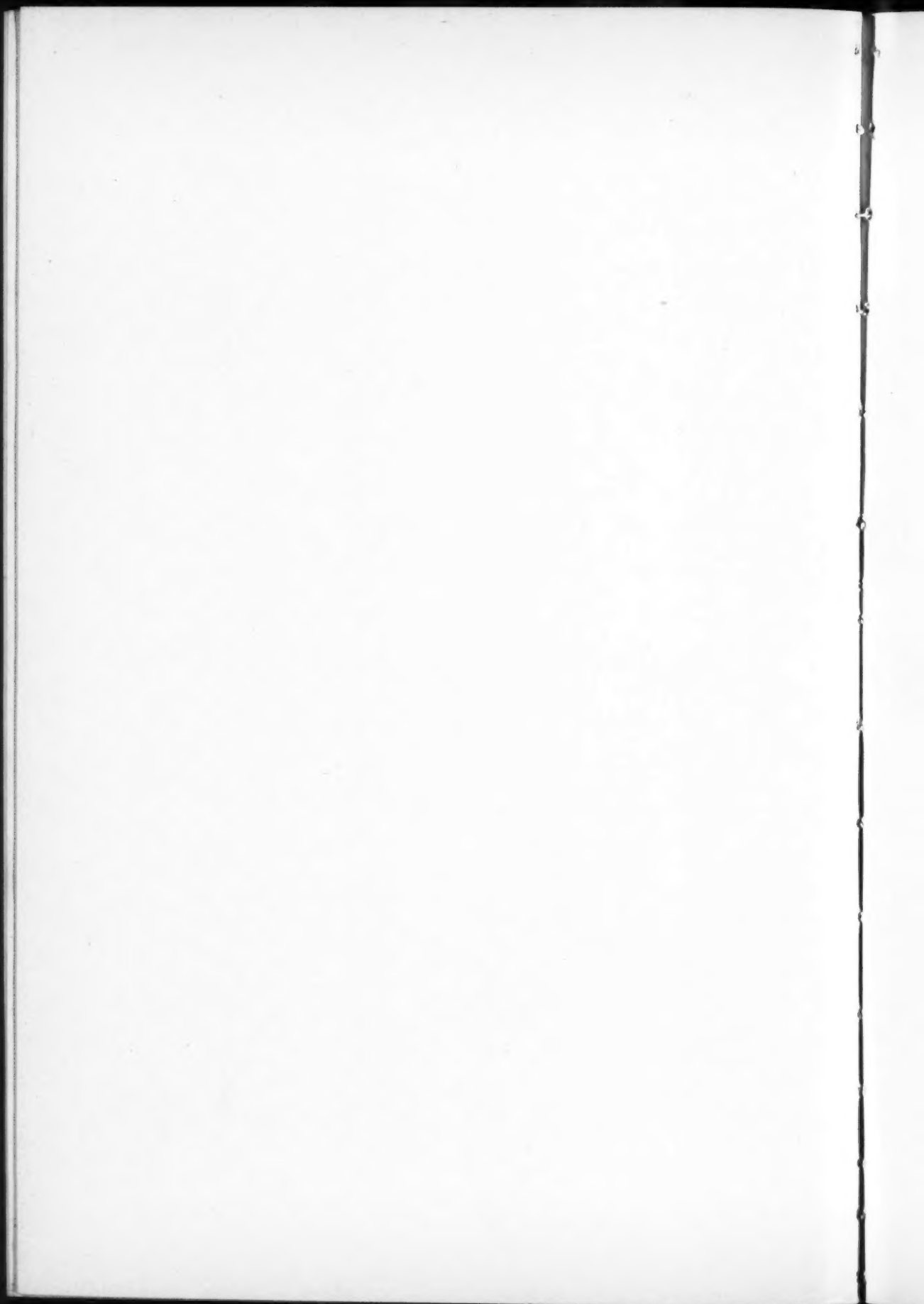


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## CONTRIBUTORS TO THE NOVEMBER-DECEMBER REVIEW

As in the former *Icelandic Number* (March-April, 1915), the editors wish to acknowledge the valuable co-operation of Dr. HALDÓR HERMANSSON.

The cover design reproduces a sketch of Thorfinn Karlsefni, submitted by the Icelandic sculptor, EINAR JÓNSSON, for the series of American historical statues to be erected in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, with funds left for that purpose by Mrs. J. Bunford Samuel.

ITTAI ALBERT LUKE is in the service of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism at Washington and visited Iceland with the good ship *Carnegie* sent by the Carnegie Institution to take magnetic observations in and about the island.

WILLIAM EDWARD MEAD is professor of English in Wesleyan University and author of *Outlines of the History of the Legend of Merlin*, *The Grand Tour in the Eighteenth Century*, *Selections from Malory's Morte Darthur*, and several other works. He has frequently visited Europe and has travelled extensively in Iceland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

TORSTEIN JAHR, now with the Library of Congress in Washington, is of Norwegian extraction and a graduate of Luther College in Decorah. He has for years been studying the Scandinavian immigration to New Netherland and has treated the subject in lectures and magazine articles.

GUDMUNDUR MAGNÚSSON lives at Reykjavik and for his literary work receives a stipend from the Icelandic state. He has made a study of all that relates to his home country and is the author of numerous novels and historical romances which are well known in Scandinavia and have been translated into German.

JÓHANN MAGNÚS BJARNASON was born in Iceland but came to Canada at an early age, and has lived in the province of Manitoba during most of his manhood years, engaged in public-school teaching. His stories deal chiefly with the lot of Icelanders in Canada. The present sketch is taken from a collection of tales of Nova Scotia, published in 1910. Dr. HARTMANN, whose translations and book reviews are familiar to our readers, is assistant professor of German in the College of the City of New York. He has recently contributed some translations from the Russian of Arkadyi Overchenko to various periodicals.

ELISABETH WÄRN BUGGE is familiar with the modern evolution of sloyd from her work at the headquarters of the Society for Swedish Home Sloyd at Biblioteksgatan 12, Stockholm.



JÓHANN SIGURJÓNSSON



# THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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## Impressions

*By* ITTAI ALBERT LUKE

ON visiting Iceland today, there are several impressions that almost inevitably stamp themselves on the memory. In the main, these impressions come from the striving of a people toward culture. Perhaps it may be said that true culture is, in the last analysis, the ultimate goal to be attained by all peoples, and when we consider just how far handicapped in many respects a little country like Iceland is, it is all the more remarkable that she eclipses many nations more favorably situated.

The island has the raw, cold, disagreeable winds blowing from the Greenland ice-pack which render most of the year unfavorable, also the dark season which prohibits many activities. But, on the other hand, the rather limited occupations of the inhabitants are conducive to the development of the "love for higher things." There is little wealth, and many of the economic evils resulting from congested capital are absent. Iceland's people are concerned with the task of making a living principally by fishing, dairying, and sheep-raising. It is a common sight to see a landlord with his entire family and perhaps a dozen tenants working between squalls of chilling rain and trying to rescue a few small bunches of hay! Yet it is this very community life on a small scale, united by a common interest, which makes saga and song more interesting to the people, and perhaps had a great deal to do with the development of the old stories in past centuries.

Then, also, Iceland's beautiful mountains and streams, her natural springs and geysers, resulting from her volcanic formation, and the midnight sun have had their influence on the people in their ideals, and have marked the country as uniquely and distinctly different. All the way from the beautiful snow-clad peak Snaefell-jökul, which guards the entrance to the Reykjavik Harbor, to the

Arctic circle, one sees natural phenomena which perhaps cannot be found elsewhere on so large a scale.

The outstanding trait of the Icelanders seems their love for their little island. At the museum in Reykjavik, a visitor will be shown every available scrap of historic and even prehistoric material that it has been possible to obtain. The old Norse canoes, which many centuries past carried the early rovers from the continent to their new homesteads in Iceland, are side by side with the crude implements which these same strong men used to survive the exacting conditions of the new life. The old brass knuckles and shields, magnificent carvings, stirrups, and crude remnants of old battles are the tangible evidences of many centuries of heroes and their adventurous careers. The sagas, which tell of the struggles of the old Danish and Norwegian chiefs or the exploits of Gunnar or Grettir the Strong, are made more real and vivid by a glimpse of these relics. All such bits of antiquity are looked upon and cherished by the Icelandic people who visit the museum in large numbers.

The Icelander is justly proud in being able to show articles which directly bear upon his ancestry and his country's history since the ninth century. Iceland's history is unique, in that she has developed a distinctly unified people, of nearly common ancestry, and with but one language. No dialects have been formed in the many centuries since the language was first put into writing. Every child knows the saga and its hero; knows just how "the bound captives of the enemy were taken to Thingvellir, and hurled into the pit of boiling water," and how the fierce viking love of freedom so showed itself in the character of the outlaw, Grettir the Strong, that he carried his dead wife far away from his oppressors in order to bury her in solitude. Several small boys were watching a plaster cast of this outlaw in the vestibule of *Island Banki* and one could easily see that he was more to them than high king or potentate!

A fine piece of art, which the Icelanders are proud to possess, is the beautiful sculptured altar piece in the little chapel of Reykjavik, executed by Thorvaldsen while he was in Italy, and presented by him to the people of Iceland. Not very far away, stands the hut where the Icelandic sculptor, Einar Jónsson, moulded the immortal works of art which are undoubtedly the finest attributes to Icelandic culture and distinctly different from the art of other peoples. Among Jónsson's works are *Mother Nature*, *Grief and Joy*, *Nemesis*, *Dawn*, *The Waking Watcher*, and *Waterspouts*. All these reflect the life and thought of the people and the conditions from which their present culture has developed.

One day I met with an old Icelandic fisherman who was hobbling along the shore. He was far too old for his life-time occupation of

reefing sails and hauling the heavy fish nets—the same calling which his forefathers had followed for generations. I asked him a question as well as I could in Swedish, and discovered soon after that he spoke Danish, German, English, French, and Icelandic! This versatility is quite common among the Icelandic people.

The old fisherman summed up the situation very well when he said that it was the wish of an Icelander to be “able to do a service to a stranger,” and certainly this spirit pervades the island. Many other nations and peoples could, perhaps, take a valuable lesson from it. In many of the small villages one sees homes which are poor almost to abjectness; in some instances, just a sod hut with one or two small panes of glass to let the daylight through, and an almost bare interior. A few dollars would purchase the entire contents of a room. Yet, in spite of this lack of the comforts of life, and the despair of ever having them, there is always hospitality and the same evidence of cheerfulness everywhere. It requires real fortitude to face life under those trying conditions, as many of the peasants in Iceland do, and at the same time show no wavering in loyalty to their country.

Iceland has scarcely a crime, and no military strength is needed to keep order among her people. In the city of Reykjavik, which, of course, is the Mecca of the island, there are two men who are invested with the power of the law, and these policemen rarely have occasion to use it. Their chief function seems to be preventing tourists' dogs from landing and thus breaking certain quarantine laws. The country is nominally a dependency of Denmark, but in spirit, and so far as law-making and administration go, Iceland is independent. There is a bi-cameral parliament, which makes the few laws necessary.

One interesting fact about the Icelandic people is that, although the common schools are very few, there is almost no illiteracy. This is a very fine tribute to the cultural ideals of the country. There are several schools for higher education in the capital for those who can take advantage of them.

It seems to me that all these impressions on a visitor to Iceland point to one thing; namely, that in the centuries of its development, the blood of the Icelandic people has asserted itself, even in the face of most trying difficulties. It has been made strong by trial and hardship, and is giving the world what is, perhaps, in comparison, a greater contribution to culture than her more fortunately situated neighbors.

## The Saga Island Today

THE BATH BUILT BY SNORRI STURLUSON IS STILL IN EXISTENCE AND IS SEEN ON THE LEFT. THE SLEEPERS BELOW ARE AMERICAN VISITORS TO AN ICELANDIC HOMESTEAD WHO CARRY THEIR OWN SLEEPING-BAGS FROM THE UNITED STATES



THE ATHLETIC FIELD NEAR REYKJAVIK IS THE SCENE OF A WRESTLING MATCH, THE FAMOUS "GLIMA" WHICH GIVES ITS NAME TO GUDMUNDUR KAMBAN'S PLAY "KONGEGLIMEN"



THE TOURIST JUST LEAVING REYKJAVIK DEPENDS ON THE FAITHFUL PONY FOR CARRYING HIS BAGGAGE AS WELL AS HIMSELF. MOST OF THE STREAMS HAVE TO BE FORDED, BUT MODERN ICELAND BOASTS AT LEAST ONE LARGE BRIDGE, WHICH AN UNWILLING COW IS JUST CROSSING IN THE PICTURE TO THE RIGHT



BY THIS PRIMITIVE MAIL-TRAIN THE NEWS OF THE OUTER WORLD IS STILL CARRIED TO THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS OF ICELAND

# Skyr

By WILLIAM EDWARD MEAD

ONE of the most distinctively Icelandic products that the tourist in Iceland comes to know, and perhaps to like, is *skyr*. This is nothing more than curdled sheep's milk—a sort of soft cheese, slightly acid—and may be eaten plain or with cream and fine sugar, perhaps spiced with a dash of powdered cinnamon. When the farm laborer rises in the morning he expects his allowance of *skyr* as a matter of course, along with his black bread and coffee. And when the chance visitor from town drops in, he welcomes a plate of *skyr*, along with cakes and coffee, as the most satisfying form of refreshment. Nor is the taste unpleasant, but one needs practice in order to empty a soup-plate full of it with good grace.

*Skyr* presupposes sheep, and these have for centuries been a main reliance of Icelandic husbandry. A farmer of any standing keeps at least two or three score, and he attracts no marked attention if he has several hundred. During the summer the sheep graze high up the slopes of the mountains. In winter they are housed in low, strongly built sheds, with thick walls of turf and stone and a roof which, in many cases, is of green turf supported on poles imported from Norway. The inadvertent traveler on horseback might be tempted now and then to ride over the top of a sheep house under the impression that it was no more than a grassy knoll.

In summer, when the days are long and the nights are no more than a bright mellow twilight, the sheep roam unconfined, nibbling the last spear of grass beside the volcanic rocks on the mountain sides or dashing in a wild white wave down the slopes when pursued by the white shepherd dogs.

One such scene stands out vividly in my memory. At the farmhouse where I spent a fortnight was a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little girl, perhaps nine or ten years of age, though she seemed younger. This nondescript little creature usually wore a brown woolen gown with very short skirt and very long pantalets and answered to the name of Helga. There was some mystery about her that I never penetrated. Attempts to discover who she was were met with a non-committal smile. Shy as a wild deer, this odd combination of boy, girl, and witch kept as much as possible out of sight of strangers, though whenever she could, she satisfied her curiosity by peering at them around some corner. She was one of the brightest and best-natured little imps I have ever seen. One day I inquired for her, to take her photograph, but she was nowhere to be found. One of the boys ran to the hay-house, the cook-house, the turf-house, and finally to an



unused shed, whence she was unwillingly dragged. I bribed her with a silver coin to stand still—perhaps for the first time in her life. She smiled her wonderful smile, showing her glittering white teeth, and was then tractable enough. This active little sprite was by a sort of natural selection appointed as shepherdess, her main duty being to bring the sheep down from the mountains when they were to be milked.

One scene of this sort stands out vividly in my memory. About ten o'clock one night, while the mountain tops were still golden red in the late sunlight, I spied little Helga with her dog darting up the steep sides of the mountain to get the sheep. There were fifty grazing together. In an incredibly short time she had rounded them into a dense white mass, and then with whoops of glee she chased the compact flock down the slope. The knowing creatures seemed to sense what was expected of them. With easy springs they jumped the ditch beside the road leading from the farmhouse to the distant church and then went quietly into the little enclosure temporarily set up for them—a light, movable wooden fence, within which they were crowded together so closely that they could barely move.

When all were inside, two women entered the enclosure, each with a queer-looking wooden vessel—a sort of cross between a tub and a pail—and began to milk the sheep by standing behind them and pressing a few times the little milk pouch. From the entire fifty, there were got not more than three pailfuls of milk. If I had attempted the job, there would have been far less, for I could see no way of distinguishing the milked from the unmilked. But with sure touch the stolid women moved through the bleating flock and swiftly accomplished their nightly task.

The sheep were now let loose and soon were no more than white specks on the mountain side. And now the full charm of the wonderful Icelandic landscape made itself felt. Behind us rose the rugged mountain ridge with its broken columns of basalt. Across the valley another brown ridge stood, with every line clearly cut in the transparent air—an air so clear and pure that it seemed to annihilate the intervening space and to bring the distant mountains within easy walking distance. As we moved toward the farmhouse we could hear the river tumbling in foam over the *foss* and the soft lap of the wavelets on the shores of the fjord at the end of the valley, but all else was still.

# Anneke Jans Van Masterland

*By* TORSTEIN JAHR

WHERE the deep canyon of Wall Street closes in on a narrow strip of sky, the Gothic tower of Trinity rises, now almost dwarfed by skyscrapers. Its richly decorated brownstone façade looks on thronging Broadway, while the greensward surrounding it is dotted with old monuments marking the graves of well-known men and women. Trinity is the richest parish in the United States, possessing many tracts of land along the Hudson, and this property is controlled by the Trinity Corporation, chosen by the voting communicants of the parish. On the 7th of April, 1909, the corporation was made the defendant in a lawsuit by a certain Mrs. Mary A. Fonda, who claimed a part of its possessions as her lawful inheritance through her direct descent from Anneke Jans Bogardus. A new suit was filed on the 11th of May, 1915, the last in a long series of attempts to contest Trinity's title to the property it has held for two hundred years. This fight constitutes one of the most celebrated inheritance cases in the history of American jurisprudence, and the tale has a fascination akin to the stories of Captain Kidd's and other fabulous treasures. The story of the ephemeral Lord Baltimore estate shrinks to insignificance in comparison.

The history of this inheritance case has been treated so often by fluent pens that I should not have ventured to dwell upon it, had not one important factor been overlooked by other students; namely, that the people who first held the deed and title to the Trinity real estate were Norwegians. It was the descendants or alleged descendants of these people who, in 1915, and many times earlier, have demanded their rightful inheritance in our courts. It is true, these claimants have not been aware of their Northern origin, but that has nothing to do with their claims as such. There is an old tradition that the ancestress of their family was descended from one of the most distinguished houses in Holland, and that her grandfather was none less than the founder of the Dutch republic, William the Silent, Prince of Orange. Search has been made in the public archives and among the family documents of the house of Nassau, but with purely negative results.

When I undertook, some years ago, to investigate the Norwegian emigration via Holland to America in the seventeenth century, I found a list of the early settlers in Rensselaerswyck in O'Callaghan's "History of New Netherland." Among those who arrived in 1630, the first year of settlement, I noted with the names of other Norwegians that of "Roeloff Jansen van Masterlandt with wife and family, came out as a farmer to the Patroon at \$72.00 a year. Claes

Claessen (from Flekkerö), his servant." From old Dutch maps I knew the name of Masterlandt to be identical with Marstrand, which was at that time and had always been a Norwegian city. It was founded by King Haakon Haakonsson, about 1230, and had attained a high degree of prosperity, due to its herring fisheries and the royal privileges conferred upon it.

American historians have made many futile attempts to discover the site of the town of Masterlandt, and it was not until the publication, by the accomplished scholar, Mr. A. J. F. van Laer, archivist of New York State, of the valuable Van Rensselaer Bowier manuscripts that the solution was found. Even this editor, however, was unaware of the fact that Marstrand at that time was Norwegian, and not quite sure of his conclusions as a whole. He writes: "If, as may be presumed, Masterland is the same as Maesterland, it is interesting to note that Roelof Jansz, as well as his wife, the well-known Anneke Jans—whose mother, Trijn Jonas, is mentioned in a fragment of an account of New Amsterdam, 1639, among the Rensselaerswyck MSS. as Trijn Jonas van Masterlan(d)—were probably not Dutch, but Swedes."

It was from the Norwegian town of Marstrand that Roelof Jansen and his wife Anneke Jans emigrated to Holland. There they met Kilian van Rensselaer, who engaged Roelof as the foreman of his farm, de Laetsburg in New Netherland, on the east coast of the Hudson, near the site of the present Troy, at a salary of 180 gulden a year. With their three children, Sara, Katrina, and Sofia, he and Anneke sailed, on the 21st of March, 1630, in the good ship *de Eendracht*, from Texel, with the first settlers of Rensselaerswyck, and arrived in New Amsterdam on the 24th of May. In 1632, Roelof was promoted to the dignity of "Schepen" and in token thereof received from Van Rensselaer a black hat with a silver band. At the expiration of his contract, in 1634, he seems to have left the colony; for Van Rensselaer writes in a letter to Governor Wouter van Twiller, dated April 24th, 1634: "In the event of Roelof Jansen's remaining as foreman, he could have the third farm on the same conditions as Hendrick Conduit. . . . I see that Roelof Jansen has drawn heavily on me for victuals for nearly the entire allowance, in spite of the fact that his supplies must already have been sufficient. I imagine that his wife, mother, and sister have given something to others, which cannot be tolerated. He complains that you have taken the farm from him, and you write that he desires to leave. . . . Roelof Jansen's servants were taken for four years, counting from the date they arrived at my colony, so there is a question whether their time has expired. You might renew their contracts for a year. You might suggest that they remain another year, offering them better terms if necessary."

Roelof, however, wanted to be his own master and had no doubt accumulated some means; for the Governor gave him a deed to a piece of land north of the Company's bouwerie or farm on Manhattan Island, extending for thirty-two acres over the region now bounded by Warren and Canal Streets, Broadway and the Hudson River. Roelof was certainly an able and industrious man. He built himself a house and proceeded to clear and cultivate the land, but before the year was over he died, leaving Anneke with five children—Jan, Annetje and the three already mentioned.

It is reasonable to suppose that the family now felt compelled to move to town, for the farm was a mile north of the fort, and Anneke must have been averse to receiving visits from eccentric red men. Van Twiller at this time was succeeded as Governor by Willem Kieft, and it would seem that the latter took a friendly interest in her, for on September 21st, 1637, Van Rensselaer writes the Governor a "missive per 'de Harinck' versonden": "I have received your recommendation of Roelof Jansen's widow written in haste and in a few words and the oral greetings by Jakob Wolphertsen, and I am happy to hear everything goes so well. I have already cancelled the widow's indebtedness, the reason for which I shall tell when, if God wills, we soon meet again in good health."

Anneke was not long to remain a widow. His reverence, Domine Eberhardus Bogardus, the first pastor definitely assigned to the colony, bade her dry her tears and do him the honor of accepting his hand as soon as propriety permitted. They were married in March, 1638.

Domine Bogardus came to the colony in 1633 and, as pastor of his flock, held a position in the little community of hardly less influence than that of the Governor. As his wife, Anneke Jans became one of the leading women of New Amsterdam and New Netherland. It is clear that she must have possessed qualities by no means ordinary. The piece of land she had inherited from Roelof, which now is worth so many millions, could at that time have been bought for a bagatelle, so it was not her fortune that attracted the Domine. Moreover, she had five children to support, and was at that time well past thirty. In her "History of the City of New York," Mrs. Lamb describes Anneke thus: "She was a small, well-formed woman, with delicate features, transparent complexion, and bright, beautiful dark eyes. She had a well-balanced mind, a sunny disposition, winning manners, and a kind heart, and soon became very dear to the people of the church, over which her husband was pastor, besides being a distinguished and valuable counselor to her own numerous family of children."

While the pastor's social position and personality made him prominent in the annals of the old colony, we find but little infor-



mation about his wife. Bogardus died in 1647 on his way to Holland, and on August 26th, of the following year, his colleague, Reverend Johannes Megapolensis wrote as follows to the Classis of Amsterdam: "After the Lord God was pleased to cut short the thread of life of Domine Bogardus by shipwreck, who was late preacher at Manhattan, in New Netherland, his widow came here to Fort Orange, in the colony of Rensselaerswyck" (the town was called Beverwyck, now Albany) "to reside and make her living. She has nine living children, some by a former husband and some by Domine Bogardus, and is also deeply in debt. She has, however, no way to liquidate her debts, nor means for her own subsistence, unless the West India Company pay her the arrears of salary due her husband. Domine Bogardus repeatedly asserted that a higher salary was promised him before leaving Holland than he ever received here. . . . Annetje Bogardus, widow of Domine Bogardus . . . has requested me to write to the Reverend Classis in her name and in her behalf, in order that the Reverend Classis or the Deputies thereof might, for the sake of the preacher's widow, petition the Company for the money due her, to be paid to her or her attorney, to enable her to pay her debts and support her family."

Four years later she bought a lot in Beverwyck on the corner of the present State and James Streets in Albany and built a comfortable home, where she lived till her death on the 19th of March, 1663. Her famous will is dated the 29th of January the same year and is the oldest document concerning the disposal of the celebrated farm. On August 27th, 1667, during the English occupation, Governor Nicholls confirmed the rights of the heirs. The latter deeded it to Governor Lovelace, in 1670, for "a vulluable consideration," but all his estates were confiscated in 1674 and turned over to the crown. In 1705, the estate, then known as "the Queen's farm," was leased or granted by the Colonial authorities under Queen Anne to Trinity Church and that corporation has continued to enjoy all the revenues and benefits of the property to this day, though for over a century and a half, ever since one Cornelius Brouwer, in 1749, asserted his claim as a Bogardus heir, the case has rarely been out of the courts.

As Anneke Jans was the first Norwegian pastor's wife (*prestekone*) in America, so her mother, Trina Jonas, according to the records, was the first professional midwife in New Netherland. Trina, who was in the employ of the West India Company, came to the colony a short time after her daughter's arrival, probably in 1633, since it was in that year that a house was erected for her by the Company. Nothing is known about her husband, but according to the nomenclature of the day, it is understood that the name of Anneke Jans' father was Jan. Trina was probably a widow. In

1644, she received a deed to a piece of land on Parel Straat (Pearl Street), south of the fort and near the parsonage, where she built a house of her own. From this date until her death, in 1648, we find her name frequently mentioned in the official records. She had another daughter, Maritje, who seems to have come over in 1633 with her husband, Tymen Jansen, a ship-builder, probably also a Norwegian. After Trina's death, the daughters gave a friend in Holland power of attorney to collect that part of her salary which was still due, amounting to about 250 gulden.

This midwife from Marstrand, her two daughters, and their children, became connected by marriage with the leading families in the provinces, and her descendants are now a numerous and influential group, many having obtained the best positions available in the new world (Ruth Putnam in "Historic New York"). It is practically impossible to account for all the ramifications of the family, and I shall not attempt to do more than give a brief review of Anneke's and her sister Maritje's children.

Sara Roelofs, the famous Indian interpreter, was the daughter of Anneke Jans by her first marriage. She was married to Dr. Hans Kiersted, a German from Magdeburg, the first physician in the province, and to this union ten children were born. Her second marriage was to Cornelius van Borsum, who owned the ferry to Long Island. Her third husband was Elbert Elbertson, one of the leading men in the province. It was at her first wedding, on June 28th, 1642, that Governor Kieft took advantage of the occasion to get subscriptions for the new church to be built in New Amsterdam, and headed the list with a thousand gulden from the West India Company. The next morning there were many who regretted their liberality and asked the Governor to reconsider the matter, but his Excellency replied: "Put the money on the table! We are going to build the church now." Sara acted as interpreter, in 1664, when the treaty between Governor Stuyvesant and various Indian chiefs was signed in the presence of a large assembly in the Council Hall of Fort Amsterdam. This was the last treaty between the Dutch and the Indians and was signed to the roar of saluting guns.

Katrina Roelofs was married first to Lukas Rodenburgh, vice-director of Curaçao, and after his death to Johannes van Brugh, merchant and magistrate in New York. Sofia Roelofs was married to Pieter Hartgers van Wee and died before her mother's decease. The fourth daughter, Annetje, died as a child. Their brother, Jan Roelofsen, was one of the first settlers at Schenectady and was killed by Indians during the massacre of 1690.

With Domine Bogardus, Anneke had four sons: Jonas, Willem, Cornelis, and Pieter. Jonas died unmarried. Willem was married twice and had nine children. His first wife was Walburgh, a daughter



of Nicasius de Sille, procureur-general in New Netherland from 1656 to 1664. Pieter Bogardus married Wyntje Bosch and had nine children, one of whom, Anton, married a Knickerbocker.

Anneke's sister, Maritje, was married three times, her last union being with Govert Lookerman, the most energetic and adventurous citizen of New Amsterdam and the wealthiest man in the province. They had one son, Jacob. With her first husband, Tymen Jansen, she had one daughter, Elsie Tymens, who was first married to the rich Pieter Cornelissen van der Veen, and later to Jacob Leisler, known to history as the leader of "Leisler's Rebellion," in 1689.

Among the well-known families that became connected with Anneke's descendants by marriage may be mentioned the following: Bayard, De Lancey, De Peyster, Gouverneur, Jay, Knickerbocker, Morris, Schuyler, Stuyvesant, Van Cortland, and Van Rensselaer. In short, nearly all the old families now known as the "original Knickerbockers" can trace their descent from the Norwegian mid-wife, Trina Jonasdatter, of Marstrand, the mother of Anneke Jans.

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## Thought and Memory

From "The Prose Edda" of Snorri Sturluson, translated from the Icelandic by  
Arthur Gilchrist Brodeur, SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS, Volume V

The ravens sit on Odin's shoulders and say into his ear all the tidings which they see or hear; they are called thus: Huginn and Muninn. He sends them at day-break to fly about all the world, and they come back at undern-meal; thus he is acquainted with many tidings. Therefore men call him the Raven-God, as is said:

*Huginn and Muninn    hover each day  
The wide earth over;  
I fear for Huginn    lest he fare not back,  
Yet watch I more for Muninn.*

## Our "Most Useful Citizen"

**J**ACOB A. RIIS is dead, but his spirit still lives and animates. His memory is kept green in his native land by sentiment, in his adopted country by good works.

By the Danes, Riis is revered as that one of their sons who, perhaps more than others, made good in the New World. As the Swedes erected at Filipstad a monument over their John Ericsson, the inventor who saved our Union on the seas, so the Danes have placed in Ribe a tablet marking the birthplace of their Jacob Riis, the philanthropist who saved the American city from social degradation. Ribe is the "Old Town" of Riis's boyhood, familiar to us from the pages of that book and "The Making of an American," the city of narrow passages, of the Domkirke, of memories of Queen Dagmar, and of the great floods from the Western Sea. Here Riis's father was senior schoolmaster, and Riis grew up with a youthful passion to become a carpenter, but with dreams for a greater future beyond the seas. In the New World he achieved such distinction as a journalist that he was able to return to claim as his wife the sweetheart of his boyhood. Such are the simple but impressive words of the stone: "In this house was born in 1849 the journalist and philanthropist, Jacob A. Riis. Died in Barre, Massachusetts, U. S. A., 1914. His native city's most faithful son. By President Roosevelt called America's most useful citizen."

Two recollections of Riis crowd to my mind as I write these lines. In one I see him on the lecture platform at Princeton University, telling of his battle with the slums, of his fight with tiger Tammany. Old shanties in the East Side, mouldering tenements, were disappearing under the attacks of his pen. Model dwellings were rising in their place. He was banding the good citizens of New York in leagues of brotherhood. Social betterment was a matter not of laws and gifts, but of respect for personality. We students

who heard him were thrilled with idealism. Social service seemed to us the noblest of life's ambitions. "We haven't reached the millennium yet," said the speaker, "but let us be glad. A hundred years ago they hanged a woman on Tyburn Hill for stealing a loaf of bread. Today we destroy the den that helped make her a thief."

The second recollection is a ten-o'clock faculty supper table



TABLET IN MEMORY OF JACOB RIIS

with the masters at Groton School, where the Dane lectured frequently and was a favorite with the boys. Here Riis's ready imagination and flow of wit held us convulsed. He told his story of the old cow in all its side-splitting details. Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, now Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was also a guest at the table, together with his fiancée, whom Riis threw almost into hysterics of merriment. Such was the personality of the man who conversed with all conditions of people in their own jargon, whether the language of ultra-refinement or of slang, who was as much at home in an East Side den as in a bishop's parlor.

What other philanthropists accomplished by their wealth or their official position, Riis achieved by his humor and the bubbling unexpectedness of his pen and address. Social organization is a particular genius of the Danish people, as is shown by their recent contributions to co-operative agriculture, unemployment insurance, and old-age pensions. Of this genius, with all its intensity of Danish idealism, Riis gave to solve the civic problems of our more complex democracy.

In the tenement districts of New York Riis's spirit goes marching on in the ranks of reform. Nowhere, however, is it more in evidence than in the Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement on Henry



THE HOUSE IN RIBE WHERE JACOB RIIS WAS BORN



"THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD"

Democracy was exemplified at our plain but hearty board. The Danish janitor was shown a seat of honor. Riis's old friend, Pastor Andersen, was there. Mrs. Riis—the American bride of his later years—is honorary president. Soon after lunch Dr. Robbins went down to meet her class of "mothers." They were learning English out of a babel of tongues, but they all looked like sturdy mothers of fine American families. A mere list of the activities which go on in this institution will best give an idea of the extent of its public service.

N. Y. Kindergarten Ass'n, Kindergarten.  
Public School Kindergarten.  
Gymnasium Classes every afternoon and evening.  
Game Room for Girls—four nights a week.  
Dances and Entertainment for Young Men and Women.  
Savings Bank for Children.  
Stereopticon Pictures with Stories.  
6 Cooking Classes.  
17 Sewing Classes.  
2 Story and Game Hours for Boys.  
2 Little Housekeepers' Classes.  
Craftsman Club for Boys.  
5 Sewing Clubs for Women.  
Italian Family Circle.

English Class for Mothers.  
Mothers' Social and Dramatic Club.  
2 Carpentry Classes.  
14 Clubs for Girls.  
42 Clubs for Boys.  
House Council.  
Roof Garden, open every fine day.  
Twin Island Fresh Air Home (all summer for mothers and children).  
Outings for Children, Week-End Parties for Girls.  
Boys' Camp—261 Boys.  
Girls' Camp.  
  
1694 Individuals.

Street, where Dr. Jane E. Robbins and a small staff of sympathetic helpers carry on an astonishing amount of practical education day and night. The other day Dr. Robbins asked us to a "Scandinavian lunch" in the cookingschool.

"It is a quarter of a century," says Dr. Robbins, "since Mr. Riis started his little flower mission in a single room in the Mariner's Temple. During these twenty-five years the neighborhood has become more densely populated. With the increase of the popula-



tion has come an increased need for help. To meet this need the Settlement has grown until it now owns and occupies the two houses at 48 and 50 Henry Street.

"People of all nationalities and all creeds come to the Settlement

and are welcome, for this 'house by the side of the road' is truly the neighborhood's house. In it there are kindergartens, gymnasium classes, carpentry classes for the boys, sewing and cooking classes for the girls, social clubs, mothers' clubs, and other clubs and classes. Sometimes advice is the thing needed, for the mental, moral, and physical problems to be solved are many and difficult. A splendid corps of workers carries on all these activities, and good cheer and wholesome thought are the ideals and aims of the house."

Few better opportunities of helpfulness offer than at the Riis Neighborhood Settlement. Volunteer workers are welcomed. Contributions of money also. It costs \$22,000 a year to run this work at full efficiency. If any readers of the REVIEW wish to aid the Riis spirit in its work of making good citizens, send your checks to Alice P. Todd, treasurer, 48 Henry Street, New York.

H. G. L.



DINING IN CAMP



CAMPERS



MR. SIGURJÓNSSON AND HIS WIFE

## “Eyvind of the Hills”

**F**INISHED dramatic art is the most surprising feature of the *Modern Icelandic Plays* by Jóhann Sigurjónsson, now made available to English readers through the translation by Henninge Krohn Schanche, published as the sixth in the SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS. Rugged strength we naturally expect from the author's Norse ancestry and the environment of his childhood in Iceland. Primitive passion we look for in the land where “volcanoes burn under the snow,” to use his own words. Visions and dreams might well spring to life on the lonely farm where mountains spurred on the imagination while hemming it in. But the fusion of all these into an organic drama like *Eyvind of the Hills*, where every word falls into its place like a hewn stone, while windows are opened on what seem illimitable vistas, this is an art that is almost startling when we remember that Iceland does not even possess a stage except for an amateur dramatic society. Marvelous, too, is the psychological insight shown by this young writer, who says of himself that when he began to write his knowledge of human nature “was limited to a most incomplete knowledge of myself and a few college chums of my own age.” Early familiarity with the sagas may in part account for his style, but as we penetrate more deeply into his



work we can only say that he is one of the very few whose genius seems to drink from the eternal fountains without being influenced by their outward condition.

The play opens with a picture of life on the farm of the rich young widow, Halla. The time is the eighteenth century, but we may surmise that customs have not altered much with the changing generations. It is a homely, pleasant life, with rude comforts, with a democratic relation between mistress and servants, and a hearty hospitality which does not scan too closely the record of the stranger. The people feed their minds on the old sagas, and we find echoes of them in such sententious bits as these: "Distance makes mountains blue and mortals great," or: "You live and fill your place. That is enough to make enemies." Halla's childhood dreams have been fired by the story of Grettir, the outlaw, whose fate she thought it would have been glorious to share. As yet her days flow as peacefully as a river in a sunny plain. Her warmth of heart spends itself in little daily kindnesses. Her instinct for revolt has only colored her dreams, but the element of disturbance is there in the person of her servant, Kari, whom she has put in a trusted position, in spite of the fact that no one knows his origin. Kari's strength, his fleetness of foot, and his love of the wilds somehow mark him out from the others. "I have lived where I could not touch the roof over my head with my clenched fists, and I have lived where my eyes could not reach it." These words suggest that Kari has a past, and what it is we learn through the wiles of Halla's brother-in-law and suitor, Björn, who finds out that Kari's real name is Eyvind, that he has been sentenced for theft, and escaped to the hills, where he has lived as an outlaw.

These revelations change Halla's love for Kari from a hearth-stone flame to a sacrificial fire. The true grandeur of her nature shines out—"like a blue mountain rising from the mist," her lover rapturously exclaims. When discovery draws near, she insists on fleeing with him, and in the third act we find them domesticated in the hills. With fine simplicity Sigurjónsson has pictured how they order their lives—drinking tea of mountain herbs by the fire, playing with their little girl, planning how to procure food and medicine and to hide their stores from the relentless people of the valleys. In the presence of mountain and glacier, their every-day existence gains a wild, free strength, and Halla's and Kari's love has the exaltation of the wind-swept hills.

Perfect as their union seems, there is already the first light shadow falling across it. Arnes, their fellow-outlaw, feels it and ventures to tell Halla that he loves her better than her husband does. "It seemed to me that you and I were more akin in our souls. That we had more of the wilds in us." She repels him passionately, but her

subconscious sense that something is gone from Kari's love is shown in her words: "It is queer about the waterfall. . . . At first I was almost afraid of it. Then I began to love it, and now I should only miss it if it were not here any more. We mortals are strange."

The inner cleavage, for which Sigurjónsson has prepared us by subtle suggestion, is apparent in the last act, where husband and wife sit alone in a mountain hut, perishing of hunger, and bitterly reproaching each other. Their devotion has not borne the strain of suffering and the loneliness that meant absolute dependence on each other. The difference between their two natures has come to the surface. Halla is by instinct a revolutionist. She has followed Kari to the hills on an impulse, which she now begins to doubt. She has killed her two children to save them from a worse fate. Her nature rises in revolt against the unjust laws and the cruelty of organized society. In the difference between this desperate woman and the Halla of the first act we get the full measure of her suffering. She clutches at her love, demanding of herself and Kari that it be all in all to them, and begs him to take her hand and lie down by her side to die rather than let hunger tear the fine web that time had spun between them.

Kari is no revolutionist. He has broken the law once, in pity for his starving little sisters and brothers, but by that very act he has come to feel the sacredness of law. He has tried to atone by the courage and patience with which he has borne his banishment, and now he wants to go out into the raging snowstorm to seek food, in obedience to what he regards as the divine law of life. Halla, with her more primitive impulsiveness, replies: "The storm writes many laws in the sand." She is longing for a word of love from him and resents his clinging to a faith and a standard outside of himself and herself. Kari cannot understand the sudden collapse of the wife whose strength of soul he has learned to depend upon in all these years and is repelled by her wild outbursts.

In the first edition, Sigurjónsson makes Kari turn to her in a softer mood to tell her what she has been to him: "No woman was ever greater in her love than you. When the sun strikes the



THE HOT SPRING BUILT UP BY THE HISTORIC EYVIND  
WHEN OUTLAWED

rim of the glacier, it takes on the loveliest hues, though in truth it is nothing but colorless clay. So your love has been the sunlight of my life, and I love you—have always loved you." These words the author has ruthlessly cut out of the later edition, demanding of his readers that they shall believe in the reality of Kari's tenderness underneath his harshness. In her translation, Mrs. Schanche, with a wise knowledge of her American audience, has chosen to leave them in.

Sigurjónsson's art is perhaps never greater than in this last act. His people never lose their warmth or solidity in all the psychological play and interplay of emotion. Something is lacking in realistic presentation. His characters are not sharply individualized in speech or outward appearance. This may be due in part to the fact that he is writing Danish, which is not his mother tongue, and in so far it makes translation into another language less difficult, but more is probably due to the fact that he cares little for this outward realism. Kari's speech, quoted in the paragraph above, is not the language of a common peasant, but a great poet's interpretation of a soul which in real life, perhaps, was inarticulate. We willingly dispense with the idiomatic flavor and gain the poetry instead.

*Eyrind of the Hills* has demonstrated its international appeal by its success on the stage of all the three Scandinavian capitals and by the enthusiasm it has roused in the critics of France and Germany. It is not too much to hope that it will open the eyes of many Americans to the promise of a new literary flowering period on the saga island.

H. A. L.

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## Kari's Song

By JÓHANN SIGURJÓNSSON

From "Modern Icelandic Plays," SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS, Volume VI

*Far in the hills I wandered; softly shone the summer night,*

*And the sun had ne'er a thought of sleeping.*

*Now will I bring my sweetheart dear the hidden treasure bright,*

*For faithfully my vows I would be keeping.*

*Heigh, ho!*

*New and fine my stockings are, new and fine my shoes,*

*And not a care in all the world to plague me!*

## Outlaws

By HENRY GODDARD LEACH

*Mery it was in grene forest,  
Amonge the leues grene,  
Where that men walke both east and west  
With bowes and arrowes kene.*

—Ballad of ADAM BELL.

THE Icelandic saga of Gisli the Outlaw relates how the fugitive, once, before dawn, came for shelter to a housewife named Thorgerda, who bade him welcome. "She was often wont to harbor outlaws, and she had an underground room. One end of it opened on the river-bank and the other below the hall. One may see the ruins of it still." Outlaws, it appears, were as common in Iceland in the tenth century and as well beloved by womankind as at a later time in Sherwood Forest in Merrie England. Outlawry was a distinctive Icelandic institution, and among the most picturesque tales of that island of story-lore are the memoirs of its homeless heroes, a lineage extending from Gisli and Grettir down to the equally historic modern mountain-dweller celebrated in the drama *Eyvind of the Hills*.

"If any murder a man," prescribes "Gray Goose," the old Icelandic law, "he shall be punished with outlawry." Murder was not the only offense punished in this way. For example, if a priest forsook the church to which he was appointed, and any gave him shelter, that man was liable to outlawry. It was the severest penalty known to Icelandic law, which did not provide for public execution. An outlaw must neither be "fed nor ferried." He was excluded from Christian burial, his goods confiscated, his children disinherited. A price was placed upon his head, and any hand might, with impunity, take his life, even in a foreign land. The word the law used to describe outlawry was *skóggangr*, "forest-going," and the criminal himself was called a "wood-man," a term that would seem more appropriate in the English greenwood than in the lava fields of the Icelandic wilderness. It may reflect an earlier day when Iceland was blessed with more woodland than now, or perhaps the idea is a heritage from Norway, where outlaws took refuge in the trackless spruce forest. In later times another word came into use; the outlaw was called an "out-lier," an *útilegumadr*, one thrust out—like Eyvind—from communion with domestic man, to live in the wilds.

Three among the outlaws of medieval Iceland achieved the distinction of having sagas written about them: Hörd, Gisli, and Grettir. The first of these represented best the robber type, chief-



tain of a violent band retaliating against the community that excluded him. The second is a lonely character, single-handed, driven from place to place among those who were ready to take the risk of harboring him, a dreamer and soliloquizer, a poetaster of no mean verses. Gisli suffered from the law because he had acted according to the best dictates of his conscience in a very complex situation: to avenge his wife's brother he slew his sister's husband. He made stout resistance whenever cornered, and at last surrounded by those who sought his blood-money, met death like a hero. Gisli's character was noble throughout. His maxims—given him by his "better dream wife"—were good enough for any great-hearted gentleman of the forest:

*"Man of noble nature, ever  
Help the weak, the halt, the blind;  
Hard the hand that opens never,  
Bright and blest the generous mind."*

Gisli was under a curse, marked by ill-luck, and before his end was so affected by his solitary life, that, like other outlaws after him, he became afraid to be alone in the dark.

For fourteen years Gisli succeeded in living as an outlaw, and was, in this respect, second only to Grettir, who held the record of saga times, nineteen years a wood-man. Gisli was slain in 978, and Grettir the Strong was born some eighteen years later. Sentenced to three years' exile for his first manslaughter, Grettir later suffered outlawry for life for a crime of which he was guiltless. Despite his enemies and the price on his head, there was an occasional farmer or housewife ready enough to let him in, especially when they found in him a mighty champion, eager to help them out of a difficulty. In the course of time stories of trolls and monsters were attached to this hero, and he became in saga a specialist in exterminating evil creatures. His fight with the ghost of Glam, a very substantial spirit indeed, always bears requoteing in the translation of Magnusson and Morris. When Grettir had heard of the hauntings at Thorhallstead he went up the valley and bravely offered to become the guest of the unfortunate farmer. In the dark of night Glam entered the house, and a terrific tussle ensued between him and Grettir in which the night-walker struggled to pull the hero out of doors.

"Now Glam gathered up his strength and knit Grettir towards him when they came to the outer door; but when Grettir saw that he might not set his feet against that, all of a sudden in one rush he drave his hardest against the thrall's breast, and spurned both feet against the half-sunken stone that stood in the threshold of the door; for this the thrall was not ready, for he had been tugging to draw Grettir to him, therefore he reeled aback and spun out

against the door, so that his shoulders caught the upper door-case, and the roof burst asunder, both rafters and frozen thatch, and therewith he fell open-armed aback out of the house, and Grettir over him.

"Bright moonlight was there without, and the drift was broken, now drawn over the moon, now driven from off her; and, even as Glam fell, a cloud was driven from the moon, and Glam glared up against her. And Grettir himself says that by that sight only was he dismayed amidst all that he ever saw.

"Then his soul sank within him so, from all these things, both from weariness, and because he had seen Glam turn his eyes so horribly, that he might not draw the short-sword, and lay well-nigh 'twixt home and hell."

The dying ghost cast a curse on Grettir, before he drew his short-sword and cut off the creature's head. The farmer "praised God therefor, and thanked Grettir well for that he had won this unclean spirit. Then they set to work and burned Glam to cold coals, thereafter they gathered his ashes into the skin of a beast, and dug it down whereas sheep-pastures were fewest, or the ways of men." Although he had laid the ghost, such was the power of the spell that bad luck followed Grettir ever after, and he was afraid in the dark. The curse troubled him in those lonely months that he came to spend, later, in Thorisdale, with sheep and trolls his only comrades, in such a hidden mountain valley as many another fugitive must have taken refuge.

"So Grettir went on till he found a dale in the jokul, long and somewhat narrow, locked up by jokuls all about, in such wise that they overhung the dale. He came down somehow, and then he saw fair hill-sides grass-grown and set with bushes. Hot springs there were therein, and it seemed to him that it was by reason of earth-fires that the ice-cliffs did not close up over the vale. A little river ran along down the dale, with level shores on either side thereof. There the sun came but seldom; but he deemed he might scarcely tell over the sheep that were in that valley, so many they were; and far better and fatter than any he had ever seen. Now Grettir abode there, and made himself a hut of such wood as he could come by. He took of the sheep for his meat. . . . But every evening at twilight he heard some one hoot up in the valley, and then all the sheep ran together to one fold every evening."

Year by year Grettir's friends fell away. His sentence was to have been commuted after twenty years, but in the last year, hiding with his brother, on a lonely island in the north of Iceland, he was beset by his enemies while stricken with illness and overcome.

The centuries that separate Grettir Asmundsson and Fjalla Eyvindur, the chief outlaws of ancient and modern times, supplied



Iceland with many a tale of the strong-bodied but unfortunate dwellers of the hidden valleys in the otherwise uninhabited interior. Arnason, in his collection of modern Icelandic folk-tales, gives us no less than fifty-seven stories about outlaws. They came to be a folk between man and troll, superhuman in strength, skilled in handicrafts, true to their word, extravagant like good fairies in their gifts to the needy, but terrible when opposed. They were often gifted with magical powers and able to produce dreams and to cast fogs and snowstorms about maidens and others whom they might wish to entice to them. Many strange accounts were brought back to the valleys by those who visited them. Sometimes they even had farms of their own, lived an organized social life, and attended worship like other Christians. No wonder that Icelandic imagination built up whole communities of outlaws. They were an answer to the question: "What becomes of the forty thousand sheep a year that disappear from the high pastures into the interior of the island?"

Mr. Sigurjónsson had at his disposal a variety of conflicting anecdotes about the great eighteenth century outlaw, Eyvind, and his wife. The historical facts are few. We do know that in 1764, Eyvind and Halla and Arnes, all three, were captured and kept some time in custody, but made their escape the same year. On July 9 of the following year identifications of the three outlaws were published at the Althing and the sheriffs ordered to recapture them. Eyvind is thus described: "He is slender and may be classed as a large man, has big hands and feet, light blond hair falling in curls, a narrow face pitted with smallpox, a somewhat thicker upper than lower lip, is agreeable in his speech and amiable, neat, and clean, smokes a great deal of tobacco, is quiet in his manners, bland and a good worker, skilled in wood and iron, can read a little, but cannot write, often hums rimes to himself, but usually twisted." Halla is to be recognized thus: "She is short and sturdy, her hands and coloring quite dusky, with brown eyes and a frown, an open mouth, a longish face and very ugly and unpleasant, dark hair, small thin hands, and she uses no tobacco." In better days this dark-eyed outlaw's wife had evidently been such a "nut-brown maid" for whose sake her yeoman lover would "to the greenwood go, alone a banished man."

According to one account, Eyvind and Halla were permitted to come down from the hills after twenty years. Perhaps the story was told that way in order to eclipse Grettir's record; for outlawry was an indefinite sentence. They died, it was said, and were buried in Christian soil, about 1780. Several proofs of Eyvind's skill as an artisan were preserved as curios after his time, among them a spade and a basket beautifully woven. Arnes Pálsson, who joined forces with Eyvind and Halla in their exile, was himself a famous char-

acter. He likewise returned to the valleys and a peaceful life, died at the advanced age of ninety-one years, and was buried at Reykjavik, September 11, 1805. So passed the last of the outlaws.

From the North, England has borrowed the word "outlaw," the institution of outlawry, and the motif in literature. *Útlagr*, "outlaw," outside the protection of the law, was the term common to all three Northern countries, and preferred to the Icelandic designation "wood-man" in the Norwegian laws of the middle ages. The word was introduced by the Scandinavians into England in Anglo-Saxon times. The English outlaw stories grew up at first in the fen country and the eastern counties inhabited by Danes. Some of the heroes of these legends were surely of Northern descent. And the traditions of greenwood life which later included areas as distant as Scotland and France show themes of action and habits of thought that betray Scandinavian origin. Six of these outlaw cycles stand out above the rest: Hereward the Wake, Fulk Fitz-Warine, Eustace the Monk, Wallace, Gamelyn, and Robin Hood. Their deeds were enshrined, not as in Iceland in saga prose, but in rimed ballads and metrical romances. Although these heroes of bow and arrow, brave, violent, and generous, have much in common with their Icelandic cousins, there is often a jauntiness and abandon about their conduct that is more in keeping with the leafy foliage of Sherwood than the sturdy introspectiveness of the severe and lonely life on the Hraun. One developed habits of the Epicurean, the other of the Stoic.

And last, a word must be spoken for the heroines: Hereward's Turfrida, Robin Hood's Maid Marian, Grettir's mother, Eyvind's wife. Faithful helpmates they were to the outlaws, not only long-suffering but resourceful. Auda, Gisli's wife, kept up the home for the fugitive and concealed him when he came thither by one ruse or another. She pretended to accept money to betray her husband only to throw the purse into the face of the one who offered the bribe.



# The Giants of Iceland

By GUDMUNDUR MAGNÚSSON

**A** HILLY plateau, eighteen hundred to three thousand feet above the sea level, with here and there a peak rising to a height of six thousand feet, forms the interior of Iceland. The rainfall in this region is very heavy, and in spite of the porous volcanic soil, the entire highland is dotted with lakes. Along the ridges lie glaciers with a combined area equal to Yellowstone Park. From this plateau the rivers rush down in all directions, the smaller bubbling with clear spring water, the larger yellow and gravelly from their source in the glaciers. The longest is the Tjorsaa River in the Southland—so named from the bull's head on the prow of the colonist's ship—with a length of one hundred and twelve miles. The shortest is less than a mile and dashes straight from its glacier into the ocean.

These rivers are the worst possible hindrance to overland travel. Nor are they suitable as waterways, for owing sometimes to sandbanks, sometimes to rapids, not one of them is navigable. They have, therefore, been regarded as an unmixed calamity, and it is only in recent



RIVERS OBSTRUCT OVERLAND TRAVEL

times that people have begun to look with favor on them and to realize that their hundreds of waterfalls, the mightiest in Europe, open limitless possibilities for the future of Iceland.

Superstition peopled these waterfalls with dragons and other supernatural beings, which were supposed to lurk behind the rushing masses of water and to pile up hoards of gold in their caves. This figment of fancy may have sprung from the wonderful play of color when the sunlight was refracted in the ever-rising mists, coupled with terror of the noise and the power of these mighty phenomena. Now, even the most ignorant are aware that the falls possess real gold, and the time is not far distant when they will be ravished for the common weal.

The most abundant waterfall in Iceland is the Dettifoss in the Northland, formed by one of the largest glacial rivers, falling from a height of nearly three hundred feet. The next in size are Gullfoss

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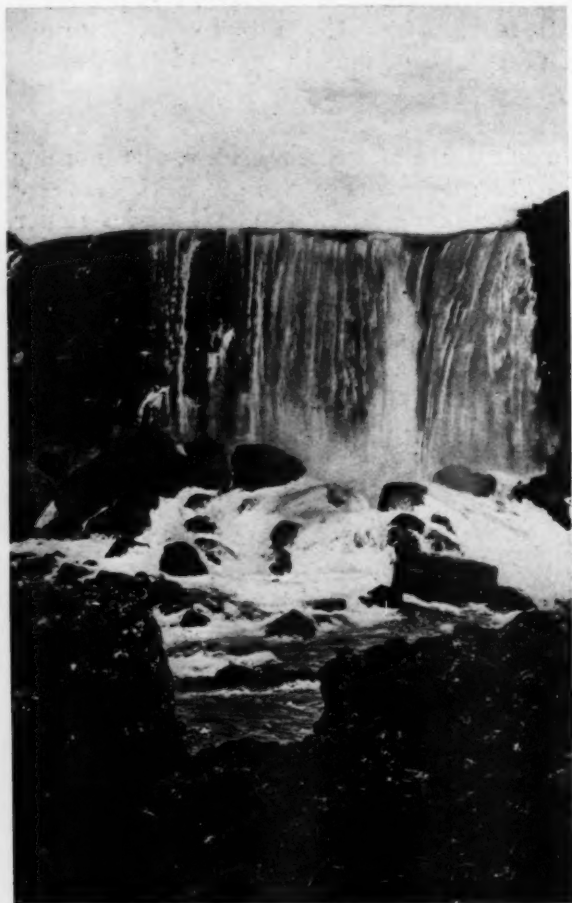
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RIVERS OBSTRUCT OVERLAND TRAVEL

and Godafoss in the Southland, respectable giants with a height of more than one hundred and fifty feet. The highest is the Háifoss in the Southland, of about four hundred feet, but this has not very much water. There are three or four others above three hundred feet in height and several above two hundred and fifty. One of the



ÖXARA FALLS AT THINGVALLA, MADE BY HUMAN HANDS

Icelandic waterfalls is made by human hands. The first colonists led the river Öxara down to Thingvalla, the spot where the laws of their republic were made, and thence into the Almannagorge, where it forms a fall of about one hundred and fifty feet—a monument to our forefathers' sense of beauty. A token of the love which Icelanders bear to their waterfalls is the fact that when the first Icelandic passenger steamer, the pet of the whole nation, was launched not long ago, it was named *Gullfoss* after the most famous fall of the Southland. The next was named *Godafoss*.

If the dream of capturing that wealth which lies hidden behind the waterfalls is ever to be realized, their location must first of all be taken into consideration. It is

necessary that they should be accessible, preferably near an ice-free harbor, in a spot where human beings can live and develop civilized communities, and where ordinary means of communication can be established. These conditions are not always present in the Northland. Though it has not happened for twenty years that the drift-ice has closed all ocean traffic, yet it may happen even for several consecutive years and for months at a time. The same disadvantage is present in a lesser degree in the east and west, but never in the Southland. The splendid southwestern har-

bors are always free from ice, and if it were possible to get to them from all parts of the country, all would be well.

The Northland has the most powerful waterfalls. The Dettifoss, mentioned above, has been roughly estimated at 400,000 horse-power, but it has a most unfortunate position in the interior of the country, seventy-five miles from the nearest harbor; the river rushes down into a deep gorge, and the surrounding country is a sand waste, impossible of cultivation. On the other hand, the



GULLFOSS FROM WHICH THE FIRST ICELANDIC SHIP IS NAMED

Godafoss is in a fruitful and inhabited region, only a little over thirty miles from the same harbor. The Gullfoss is in the Southland, far from the coast and near a geyser, but in a fruitful region. Several of the lesser falls are favorably situated in inhabited sections. The great river, Tjorsaa, is almost entirely lacking in falls, but recent surveys have shown that in a certain spot, west of the Hecla, it could be led out of its bed to form a waterfall three hundred feet in height and of about 600,000 horse-power.

The most imperative condition for utilizing the falls of Iceland is a railroad. With the present highways, even the most necessary tools and machinery can hardly be brought to the falls, and when it comes to parts of heavier machinery, raw materials, and manufactured products, it is quite out of the question. Yet the means

of communication would require but a small part of the power, once the mighty brute had been securely harnessed.

No wonder that the falls of Iceland have been the subject of much bold speculation. There has even been talk of conveying power from them to Denmark. Several attempts to subscribe capital have been made. Both Icelandic and foreign adventurers have been busy, but so far their projects have either broken down or have ended in a grand scandal. Sometimes great manufacturers abroad have been inclined to lease the falls in order to shut out competition. Now, however, through the law of 1907, the falls have been taken into national custody, and all attempts to gain possession of their power must go through the Government offices.

The waterfalls can wait. They are older than the history of man and yet ever young. For thousands and thousands of years, their mighty pulse has throbbed in God's virginal land, recking nothing of the existence of man. The time will come when they will spread light and happiness in wide circles. Millions must be sacrificed, but what of that? Millions are piling up in the treasure-houses of the world, and men of money are ever on the watch for new fields, where capital can draw interest. Some time their eyes will fall on the giants of Iceland.





# An Icelandic Sherlock Holmes

By JÓHANN MAGNÚS BJARNASON

Translated from the modern Icelandic by JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN

**W**HENEVER I read "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle, I think of an Iclander whom I knew as a young man in Nova Scotia. His name was Hallur Thorsteinsson, if I remember rightly, and he was just twenty at the time of our acquaintance. I cannot say what part of Iceland he came from, but I surmise that his ancestral home was in the East Fjords, for on two occasions he wrote letters to a woman in Djúpavog. I said that I always thought of this man when I read "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," and this is due to the fact that he is the only Iclander I have known, who, in my opinion, was endowed with the qualities essential to a cunning spy or detective. Had he received a fair education and had an opportunity to develop his innate faculties, he might have turned out no mean second to Sherlock Holmes as a sleuth. In proof of this, I shall relate a little incident with which he was connected, an incident which in itself was not remarkable, but which may nevertheless show that my opinion of this fellow is not without foundation. Before telling the story, I must give a short description of Hallur.

He was far from being like Sherlock Holmes either in appearance or in stature, and no novelist would have thought of taking him for a model detective or a criminal in a story, for Hallur was the smallest of men, and most unprepossessing in appearance. Yet he looked guileless; his eyes were intelligent and kindly, though small and usually more than half covered by the eyelids. His head was big, and he had a long face with a downcast look. He was easy-going, and usually taciturn. His desire to know things could not be concealed, though he was far from being inquisitive. He seldom put questions, and yet it seemed that he easily got at men's secrets, and, without apparent effort, managed to sense all dubious operations. Like Lord Macaulay, he had an extraordinary memory and was quick in recognizing faces. When he was present at meetings, he always stood in the rear of the hall, apparently unnoticed; in any crowd he seemed to be hanging on the outskirts, and yet it was very evident that he paid close attention to all that was going on around him. He found pleasure in playing chess—that was the only recreation he allowed himself—and it was said that he was a good player. He was well up in arithmetic, though he had received little instruction in that subject. He was clever in reading riddles and seemed to find great delight in them. In no way did he appear to rejoice over the good fortune of others; nor did he grieve, as far

as could be seen, over anybody's ill-luck. Yet one thing is sure: he did not want to injure or malign anyone.

Hallur lived little among Icelanders after coming to America, but spent most of his time with the native farmers, and often worked for very low wages. Many found him queer and eccentric, yet most people were well disposed toward him and always amused by his short, snappy answers. I remember how heartily they laughed at his comment when it came out in the papers that a certain lady in Halifax had lost a diamond breastpin at a masquerade ball.

"Some young widower has stolen that breastpin," said Hallur to a man he knew.

People laughed or shrugged their shoulders, thinking this was silly talk, but two years later they were all astonishment, for then it became known that a young widower really had stolen the breastpin. Whether Hallur based his assertion on anything in particular, or whether he merely said it at random, for the fun of it, that I cannot say, but many thought it peculiar.

One time a stranger came to the place where Hallur lived, asked for a drink, and inquired the way.

"Wonder who that man is," said someone when the stranger had left.

"It's a fugitive, formerly a bookkeeper," said Hallur.

"How do you know that?" they asked.

"I saw by his eyes that he was fleeing and by the fingers of his right hand that he had been a bookkeeper," said Hallur.

People paid little attention to this at the moment, but a few days later it turned out that Hallur had guessed correctly.

One autumn Hallur came to the Icelandic settlement at Moose-land Neck and stayed a few days in the place where I lived. We boys found him very queer. I remember his walking one morning with me and two other boys down the road through the settlement. We noticed that someone had driven that way the same morning, for we saw fresh wheel-tracks and we boys inferred that a certain man whom we mentioned had travelled eastward to the sea.

"Those wheel-tracks were made by a two-wheeled buggy coming from the east," said Hallur; "and it was drawn by a man, not a beast."

We examined the road more closely and felt that he was right, for nowhere could we see fresh tracks made by a horse or an ox, whereas the outlines of human footprints could be discerned here and there.

"Wonder who it could be," we boys said to each other.

"Probably a pedler," said Hallur.

In this case, however, Hallur was a little mistaken. True, a man had gone along the road that morning, drawing a light,

two-wheeled carriage—we learned that later in the day—but it was not a pedler. It was a young miner on his way from Tangier to the Moose River mine. Although Hallur had been mistaken, it was evident to me that he was exceedingly observant.

But now for the incident I have promised to tell.

During the winter of 1882 and 1883, Hallur was working for a Scotch farmer in the neighborhood of the village of Shubenacadie, a railroad station about forty English miles from Halifax. There was a young Jewish shopkeeper living in the village, whose little shop on the main street contained toys, old clothes, and general merchandise. He was considered orderly and reliable in his dealings, and was in good repute among the villagers. In the summer of 1882, he had done well in business and had laid aside about a hundred dollars which he intended to deposit in a savings bank in Halifax, when he should go there in the fall, but the night before he was to start for the city, the hundred dollars disappeared from a locked money-box in the store. Strangest of all, nothing else had disappeared either from the store or the box, nothing but the hundred dollars that had been meant for the savings bank. Yet there were many valuable articles on the premises, and, besides what had been taken, about one hundred and fifty dollars in cash. Another thing was considered very remarkable: no signs were visible of the store having been broken into; doors, windows, and even the money-box were just as the Jew had left them the night before, everything tightly locked, nothing broken, nothing damaged, nothing gone—except those hundred dollars that were meant for the bank.

The house in which the Jew lived was rather small and had a flat roof. The store was down stairs, and on one side was a kitchen and a small dining-room, which communicated with the upper story by means of a small hallway. Up stairs there were two rooms, in one of which the Jew slept, and in the other, his mother and a ten-year-old girl. No one else was in the house. The large window of the store, facing the main street, could be opened only from within. Therefore the thief could not have entered the store by means of the window and had evidently not tried. The store had another door leading to the dining-room. The front door had a strong lock and a crossbar on the inside, but the other was not so well secured and could therefore have been opened with a skeleton key. Then there was the kitchen door which was not firmly secured, and the window in either kitchen or dining-room might, of course, have been opened from the outside.

It was the consensus of opinion, therefore, that the thief probably had entered the kitchen door, opened that to the store with a skeleton key, and, knowing the combination of the money-box—for there was no key for it—had been able to open and lock it. On

the other hand, nobody understood what could have been his motive in taking only the specific sum meant for the bank and not touching anything else, either money or valuables.

Every effort was made to catch the thief, but all attempts were fruitless. The Jew, as might be expected, felt sore at losing so much money, but took it well. He moved the money-box into his bedroom, secured the window, put a new lock on the door, and fastened the doors carefully before he went to bed. Moreover, he kept a loaded pistol at hand and did not think anyone would steal out of that money-box again.

Christmas was past.

The Jew's business went well—even better than before—and about New Year he was again able to put aside a hundred dollars, which he intended to get into the savings bank without fail. The first Monday in the month of January he was to leave for Halifax. About ten o'clock, the evening before, he counted his money; there were three hundred and ten dollars and some odd cents. He put them into his wallet, placed the wallet in the money-box, locked it as he was wont to, and thereupon went to bed and fell asleep. But in the morning when he got up and opened the money-box, he found only two hundred and ten dollars and some odd cents. A hundred dollars had disappeared during the night while he slept and it was precisely the hundred dollars that he had meant to put in the bank, a wad of twenty five-dollar bills, neatly encircled with a blue band and tucked away in the middle pocket of the wallet.

The Jew was distressed, angry, and dumbfounded at the loss of this money. He was sure he had been the victim of sorcery, for the door of the room was still tightly locked and the key was in the lock on the inside, the window had not been touched, as far as could be seen, and downstairs there were no indications that anyone had entered either through the doors or the windows. Early in the night there had been quite a heavy snowfall, and footprints leading to the house would have been visible if anyone had approached it later in the evening, but no traces of such were to be seen.

This was considered a very strange occurrence. It gave much food for talk, and many conjectures were advanced. Some suggested that the Jew was inventing this tale, or that he had made a mistake in counting the money, or that he was not in his right senses. Others thought that the old woman, his mother, had played a trick on him on both occasions, had taken the two hundred dollars and intended to keep them until they should absolutely need them. Some pretended to know that the old woman was opposed to her son's putting money in the bank, because she had so often heard of bank failures.

A detective from Halifax was called in. Some said he was a



man of little experience, but he did all he could in this matter and handled every phase of it in accordance with the latest rules of his craft. He measured the house high and low, examined every crack and every board in it, and finally came to the conclusion that the thief had climbed up on the house Sunday evening when it had begun to snow and later in the night had gone down through the chimney, which was very large, and in this manner had got into the Jew's bedroom, making his escape before it stopped snowing. For this reason, his footprints had not been seen in the morning.

This did not seem a plausible conjecture, though it was not impossible that a cunning thief, if of small stature, might have managed to get into the room through the chimney. People had thought of the chimney before, but then the old question rose once more: why did not the thief take all the money in the place? Why did he not steal the wallet with all there was in it? And why did he take the trouble of locking the money-box before he left? That required a little time, and burglars surely do not tarry on the scene of their activities any longer than they positively must.

That was what people were thinking, but everybody knew about as much as they had known before. The thief was nowhere to be found, and nobody knew any means of finding him. The detective returned to Halifax, but the Jew offered one hundred dollars reward to the man who could find the thief.

This is where Hallur comes into the story.

He, too, began to revolve the situation in his mind. It seemed a rather complicated problem, like an example in arithmetic or a problem in chess, but he did not see why it could not be cleared up by a little reflection. Suddenly he thought that he saw it all, how the money had disappeared, and who the thief was. He let a word fall to his employer that he could find the thief and the money as well.

Hallur's employer went to the Jew and told him that he knew a man who could point out the thief. The Jew became cheerful and asked Mr. Miller, for that was the name of Hallur's employer, to go with him across the street to the Justice of the Peace, whose name was Seller, and discuss the matter more in detail in the latter's presence.

They walked over to the office of the Justice of the Peace, and the Jew told him that Mr. Miller knew a man who could point out the thief. He said that he wanted the Justice to speak to the man in his behalf.

"And who is this man?" said the Justice.

"It's only my servant," said Mr. Miller; "he's a young fellow, an Icelander."

"A young fellow and an Icelander into the bargain!" said the Justice and frowned a little. "He must be a pretty bright man if

he can solve the riddle which thoroughly experienced detectives give up in despair. Still, of course, they eat a lot of fish up north there in Iceland and so probably have good brains! But does this foreigner pretend to be able to find the thief?"

"He is dead sure of it," said Mr. Miller, "and he will perhaps find the money, too. I hope he will get that hundred-dollar reward without any fooling."

"I'll stand by my word as far as that is concerned," said the Jew.

Justice Seller said they would proceed carefully in the matter, however, and not be too credulous. He had little confidence in common workmen in such affairs, especially foreigners, and declared he knew of cases where ignorant and greedy persons had charged innocent men, against whom they bore a grudge, with theft and other crimes in order to get rewards that had been offered. Yet he said Hallur might be an honorable man of the highest qualities, for all the Justice knew to the contrary.

They discussed this a while, and finally agreed to meet the following day in the Jew's store to hear what argument Hallur would advance to support his contention.

The next day Hallur asked to be allowed to examine the Jew's bedroom, and they all went up stairs. Hallur examined the lock of the door cursorily, looked at the money-box, cast a side-glance at the chimney, grinning as he did so, but seemed chiefly to pay close attention to the bed.

"Well, now," said Justice Seller, a doubtful smile playing on his lips; "can you, my friend, point out the thief to us and show us the way to the money?"

"I can point out the thief," said Hallur very innocently, "and I can guess where the money is."

"Tell us first where the thief is," said the Justice, "and after he is arrested it will be easy to find the money, if it is still unspent."

"But I don't care to have the thief arrested," said Hallur and smiled sadly. "I want him to be forgiven."

A strange expression appeared on the face of the Justice, and he looked with an eye of suspicion on Hallur.

"No mercy!" said he; "the thief must be arrested if he is found."

"Do you absolutely insist on that?" said Hallur, very sadly.

"Absolutely," said the Justice of the Peace, "no quibbling! Who is the thief?"

"With the merchant's permission I will point him out to you directly," said Hallur.

The Jew gave his assent.

Hallur was silent a little while and looked steadily at the Justice of the Peace, then turned to the Jew with extreme calmness,

clapped him on the shoulder, and said: "You, my dear sir, you yourself are the thief!"

The Jew was astonished, Mr. Miller dumbfounded, and as for the Justice of the Peace, he became literally frightened and moved toward the door. He was certain that Hallur was insane.

There was a moment's intense silence in the room.

"I," said the Jew finally and gasped for breath, "am I the thief?"

"Yes," said Hallur.

"My dear fellow, what are you saying?" said Mr. Miller, gulping in amazement.

"The man is crazy," said the Justice. "I have long suspected it, but now I know it."

"Allow me to explain more fully," said Hallur very calmly. "The merchant is the thief without knowing it himself. He has stolen from himself when asleep—he walks in his sleep. Awake and asleep, he thought about the money he meant to put into the bank. He dreamt he had reached Halifax, that he was in the bank. He rose in his sleep, opened the money-box, took out the exact sum from his wallet, then locked the box again and concealed the money."

At this moment the Jew's mother came into the room. She had been listening to their talk.

"That may well be," she said, "for my son was subject to attacks of sleep-walking when he was a boy, but of late I've not been aware of it."

"But where did he put the money?" said the Justice, as he moved from the door farther into the room.

"In the mattress, of course," said Hallur, smiling, "since there is no other place in the room outside of the money-box. In his sleep, he took the mattress for the bank."

The Jew and the Justice now rushed to the bed and lifted up the mattress. It was stuffed with straw and in one corner there was a small rent. The Jew put his hand in and drew it out again immediately. He had found all the money—two hundred dollars. Everybody was greatly astonished except Hallur. The Jew immediately gave Hallur one-half of the recovered money but said he hoped as little as possible would be said about the matter.

When Hallur was walking down the stairs, he heard the Justice murmuring to himself: "If this Iclander isn't the devil himself, I'm badly mistaken."

Hallur remained in Shubenacadie the rest of the winter, but in the spring he moved to Halifax and later went to Boston. Since then I've not had any news of him, but I always think of him when I read "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes."



"A FARM HOME IN ICELAND THIRTY YEARS AGO," PRESENTED BY STUDENTS OF ICELANDIC DESCENT

## Drama in Fargo

**T**HE North Dakota Agricultural College in Fargo has found a way to meet the need of rural communities for wholesome amusement. The college authorities have set aside a hall in the Administration building to be turned into a "Little Country Theatre" and have put Mr. Alfred G. Arvold in charge. There the students have staged good, clean plays, sometimes by well-known authors, sometimes written for the occasion by some one in the community. The object has been to use home talent entirely and to keep the staging and costuming so simple and inexpensive that they can be copied by the young people in any community which owns a school-house or a town-hall. Moreover, Mr. Arvold stands ready to assist the inexperienced actors and managers. The modern Icelandic play pictured above was put on by about twenty students of Icelandic descent and reproduced as faithfully as possible the setting of an Icelandic farm-house. A more ambitious performance from an artistic point of view was the production of Björnson's *Leonardo* by the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club. Norwegian music was played between the acts, and the performance made so excellent an impression that Mr. Arvold thinks it one of the finest plays he has assisted in staging.



## Baldr's Bale

By SNORRI STURLUSON

Translated from the Icelandic by ARTHUR GILCHRIST BRODEUR in "The Prose Edda," SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS, Volume V, 1916.

NOW shall be told of those tidings which seemed of more consequence to the Æsir. The beginning of the story is this, that Baldr the Good dreamed great and perilous dreams touching his life. When he told these dreams to the Æsir, then they took counsel together; and this was their decision: to ask safety for Baldr from all kinds of dangers. And Frigg took oaths to this purport, that fire and water should spare Baldr, likewise iron and metal of all kinds, stones, earth, trees, sicknesses, beasts, birds, venom, serpents. And when that was done and made known, then it was a diversion of Baldr's and the Æsir, that he should stand up in the Thing, and all the others should some shoot at him, some hew at him, some beat him with stones; but whatsoever was done hurt him not at all, and that seemed to them all a very worshipful thing.

But when Loki Laufeyarson saw this, it pleased him ill that Baldr took no hurt. He went to Fensalir to Frigg, and made himself into the likeness of a woman. Then Frigg asked if that woman knew what the Æsir did at the Thing. She said that all were shooting at Baldr, and moreover, that he took no hurt. Then said Frigg: "Neither weapons nor trees may hurt Baldr: I have taken oaths of them all." Then the woman asked: "Have all things taken oaths to spare Baldr?" and Frigg answered: "There grows a tree-sprout alone westward of Valhall; it is called Mistletoe; I thought it too young to ask the oath of." Then straightway the woman turned away; but Loki took Mistletoe and pulled it up and went to the Thing.

Hödr stood outside the ring of men, because he was blind. Then spake Loki to him: "Why dost thou not shoot at Baldr?" He answered: "Because I see not where Baldr is; and for this also, that I am weaponless." Then said Loki: "Do thou also after the manner of other men, and show Baldr honor as the other men do. I will direct thee where he stands; shoot at him with this wand." Hödr took Mistletoe and shot at Baldr, being guided by Loki: the shaft flew through Baldr, and he fell dead to the earth; and that was the greatest mischance that has ever befallen among gods and men.

Then, when Baldr was fallen, words failed all the Æsir, and their hands likewise to lay hold of him; each looked at the other, and all were of one mind as to him who had wrought the work, but none might take vengeance, so great a sanctuary was in that place. But

when the Æsir tried to speak, then it befell first that weeping broke out, so that none might speak to the others with words concerning his grief. But Odin bore that misfortune by so much the worst, as he had most perception of how great harm and loss for the Æsir were in the death of Baldr.

Now when the gods had come to themselves, Frigg spake, and asked who there might be among the Æsir, who would fain have for his own all her love and favor: let him ride the road to Hel, and seek if he may find Baldr, and offer Hel a ransom if she will let Baldr come home to Ásgard. And he is named Hermódr the Bold, Odin's son, who undertook that embassy. Then Sleipnir was taken, Odin's steed, and led forward; and Hermódr mounted on that horse and galloped off.

The Æsir took the body of Baldr and brought it to the sea. Hringhorni is the name of Baldr's ship: it was greatest of all ships; the gods would have launched it and made Baldr's pyre thereon, but the ship stirred not forward. Then word was sent to Jötunheim after that giantess who is called Hyrrokkinn. When she had come, riding a wolf and having a viper for bridle, then she leaped off the steed; and Odin called to four berserks to tend the steed; but they were not able to hold it until they had felled it. Then Hyrrokkinn went to the prow of the boat and thrust it out at the first push, so that fire burst from the rollers, and all lands trembled. Thor became angry and clutched his hammer, and would straightway have broken her head, had not the gods prayed for peace for her.

Then was the body of Baldr borne out on shipboard; and when his wife, Nanna the daughter of Nep, saw that straightway her heart burst with grief, and she died; she was borne to the pyre, and fire was kindled. Then Thor stood by and hallowed the pyre with Mjöllnir; and before his feet ran a certain dwarf which was named Litr; Thor kicked at him with his foot and thrust him into the fire, and he burned. People of many races visited this burning: First is to be told of Odin, how Frigg and the Valkyrs went with him, and his ravens; but Freyr drove in his chariot with the boar called Gold-mane, or Fearful-Tusk, and Heimdallr, rode the horse called Gold-Top, and Freyja drove her cats. Thither came also much people of the Rime-Giants and the Hill-Giants. Odin laid on the pyre that gold ring which is called Draupnir; this quality attended it, that every ninth night there dropped from it eight gold rings of equal weight. Baldr's horse was led to the bale-fire with all his trappings.

Now this is to be told concerning Hermódr, that he rode nine nights through dark dales and deep, so that he saw not before he was come to the river Gjöll and rode onto the Gjöll-Bridge; which bridge is thatched with glittering gold. Módgudr is the maiden

called who guards the bridge; she asked him his name and race, saying that the day before there had ridden over the bridge five companies of dead men; "but the bridge thunders no less under thee alone, and thou hast not the color of dead men. Why ridest thou hither on Hel-way?" He answered: "I am appointed to ride to Hel to seek out Baldr. Hast thou perchance seen Baldr on Hel-way?" She said that Baldr had ridden there over Gjöll's Bridge,— "but down and north lieth Hel-way."

Then Hermódr rode on till he came to Hel-gate; he dismounted from his steed and made his girths fast, mounted and pricked him with his spurs; and the steed leaped so hard over the gate that he came nowise near to it. Then Hermódr rode home to the hall and dismounted from his steed, went into the hall, and saw sitting there in the high-seat Baldr, his brother; and Hermódr tarried there overnight. At morn Hermódr prayed Hel that Baldr might ride home with him, and told how great weeping was among the Æsir. But Hel said that in this wise it should be put to the test, whether Baldr were so all-beloved as had been said: "If all things in the world, quick and dead, weep for him, then he shall go back to the Æsir; but he shall remain with Hel if any gainsay it or will not weep." Then Hermódr arose; but Baldr led him out of the hall, and took the ring Draupnir and sent it to Odin for a remembrance. And Nanna sent Frigg a linen smock, and yet more gifts, and to Fulla a golden finger-ring.

Then Hermódr rode his way back, and came into Ásgard, and told all those tidings which he had seen and heard. Thereupon the Æsir sent over all the world messengers to pray that Baldr be wept out of Hel; and all men did this, and quick things, and the earth, and stones, and trees, and all metals,—even as thou must have seen that these things weep when they come out of frost and into the heat. Then, when the messengers went home, having well wrought their errand, they found, in a certain cave, where a giantess sat: she called herself Thökk. They prayed her to weep Baldr out of Hel; she answered:

*"Thökk will weep      waterless tears  
For Baldr's bale-fare;  
Living or dead,      I loved not the churl's son;  
Let Hel hold to that she hath!"*

And men deem that she who was there was Loki Laufeyarson, who hath wrought most ill among the Æsir.



HAMLET FOLLOWING HIS FATHER'S GHOST ON THE OLD BASTION

## Hamlet at Kronborg



JOHANNES NIELSEN AS HAMLET AT KRONBORG

DENMARK celebrated the tercentenary of Hamlet's creator in an altogether unique manner, for Denmark possesses the actual castle where the melancholy Dane wandered in his troubled life-time. Midsummer Eve was chosen for an outdoor performance of *Hamlet* on a stage built before the walls of Kronborg. The old gray pile with its towers and roofs of shimmering green copper formed a magnificent background. The audience, which included the King and Queen, the American minister, and many other notable persons, took its place on the shore, where the blue waves of the Sound murmured their soft accompaniment. Nature, too, had done her best to make the occasion unforgettable. When Hamlet followed his father's ghost along the old bastion, the figures appeared silhouetted against the glowing pink of the sunset sky and seemed at once real and unreal. An actual church-yard in the shadow of the castle lent its touch of verisimilitude, and when Ophelia's coffin was carried across it to her grave outside the walls, all the church bells of Elsinore were tolling the sunset hour. The impression was so profound that many of the spectators involuntarily took off their hats as they would have done at a real funeral.



# The Economic Value of Sloyd

By ELISABETH WÄRN BUGGE

**F**EW nations have such treasures of national arts and handicrafts as the Swedish. From time immemorial everything that was needed in the home was manufactured by the peasant and his family, and much of this work has been saved from destruction. Our museums, as well as many of our private homes, possess collections that have surely no equal even in the larger European states.

During the industrialization of Sweden, through the nineteenth century, the old domestic handicrafts deteriorated. Improved means of transportation allowed the stream of factory-made articles to flow all over the country. People did less and less of spinning, weaving and carpentering, and—lacking practice—did it with less and less skill. In the prevailing corruption of taste, the beauty of the old rugs and hangings with their strongly characterized designs and rich, warm colors, of the old furniture with its simple, virile lines, and of the old laces with their rich and filmy technique was no longer appreciated by the common people.

It is true the national handicrafts were valued by a small group of artists who, as early as the seventies, strove to save it from annihilation. The great Exposition of Stockholm, in 1897, showed how much there was still left of the old domestic arts, but they had become the privilege of the few who could pay for them as luxuries, or they had been produced merely as curiosities for the tourist.

In 1899 the Society for Swedish Home Sloyd was organized, with His Royal Highness Prince Eugen as president, for the purpose of bringing the sloyd back to the small homes where it originated and at the same time adapting it to modern uses. With this in view, a permanent exhibition is maintained in Stockholm, where only articles approved by the jury of the Society are accepted. Materials, such as wool and cotton for weaving, are sent the workers in their homes in order to insure a uniform high standard, and the finished product is received and marketed. This part of the work is organized on modern business principles and is made self-supporting. At the same time an educational propaganda is carried on with the support of the government. Teachers are sent around in the country to revive the old handicrafts, wherever traces of them are found, and to instruct the workers in better methods.

There are now in Sweden various societies for domestic handicrafts, which fall in two distinct groups. One desires to preserve and copy the old patterns and thereby save whatever they possess of historic and aesthetic value for future generations. The other

seeks—while keeping the technique adapted to the materials and tools at hand, and building on the national designs and color schemes—to produce articles that conform to modern demands for comfort and modern standards of beauty at the same time as they are suitable for the uses of daily life. This is the principle of the Society for Swedish Home Sloyd, and expert designers are engaged to draw new patterns on the basis of the old peasant styles which are sent out to the individual workers.

Furniture of old as well as new designs is now made all over the country; thousands of looms produce millions of yards of rugs and curtains as well as cloth for upholstery or clothing, while their almost indestructible texture, their rich colors and artistic patterns bring more buyers every year. Pottery and wrought iron, sometimes made on the old lines, sometimes after the designs of modern artists, find their way to more and more homes, and the schools in lace-making send out constantly increasing numbers of young girls who have learned how to reproduce the peculiar beauty of the laces found on the garments and household linens of their great-grandmothers.

The geological and climatic conditions of Sweden have favored the partition of the country into small individual farms that can be worked by the owner and his family without hired help. More and more such small farms are being created each year, with the support of the government and with aid from the savings and loan companies; but the high interest on the required capital and the heavy burdens of taxation make it necessary for the small farmer to find some means of increasing his income through by-products. The long winter evenings, when he would otherwise have wasted his time, are utilized for the manufacture of hand-made articles that can be sold and thereby bring the small farm home no inconsiderable sum. Even if they are produced only for use in the home itself, they represent a saving of quite heavy cash payments for clothing and furnishings.

Moreover the hand-made articles are more lasting. A home that is furnished with factory-made objects, bought at haphazard and because of their cheapness rather than their wearing qualities, will soon lose its pleasant aspect in spite of all care and labor, and it is rarely possible to give it any personal imprint or aesthetic worth. On the other hand, the home built up of solid, finely balanced and well-executed handiwork will always retain its beauty and attractiveness. It is surely no illusion to believe that such a home must be more beloved than the common type. To the creation of such a home every member of the family, old and young, has contributed.

## Editorial

### **The Danish Islands**

The sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States for \$25,000,000 in cash and the renunciation of the American rights to Greenland may be well under way before this number of the REVIEW reaches our readers. The Brun-Lansing treaty negotiating for the sale has been ratified by our Senate and by the Folkething, the Danish lower house, but rejected by the Landsting. It is now in the hands of a committee composed of members of the two houses, which will write a report to be submitted at a plebiscite. Opposition to the sale in Denmark has crystallized around two points. One is political and has, on the whole, resulted in strengthening the faith of the nation in the Radical ministry headed by Zahle, which has guided the fortunes of the country through the war. The other, of a permanent nature, is founded on patriotic dislike of giving up any part of Danish soil and reluctance to abandon the national task of upbuilding the islands. Only a few years ago a syndicate was formed to develop the harbor of St. Thomas, and an important part of this work is already completed. A long dock has been built out and strengthened with concrete. A drainage canal has been cut and has resulted in improving greatly the sanitary conditions of the city. The original plans called for an outlay of \$20,000,000 and included a floating pier, but so large a sum could not be raised among the Danes themselves, and rather than accept foreign capital, the syndicate decided to limit itself to more modest improvements, which could be executed at a cost of \$6,000,000. It is known that ready money was actually rejected, because its source was suspected. In order to make the enterprise as truly popular as possible, the shares were made as low as twenty kroner, but the heaviest burden was borne by a few patriotic business men. The oft-repeated story of German money in the Danish West Indies is therefore a figment of the American imagination, and has been so often and so conclusively denied that to believe it would be an insult to Danish integrity.

From the viewpoint of those who have given of their means or labor to the upbuilding of the islands, opposition to the sale is natural. Nevertheless their reasons are not so weighty that they should be allowed to influence the action of the country. The islands have never been in a true sense Danish soil. St. Thomas was taken possession of in 1672, when Denmark first began to turn her attention to oversea trade. In 1716, St. John was likewise seized for commercial purposes. In 1755, St. Croix was bought from the French. There seems, therefore, no reason why the islands should not be sold again, since they have long since ceased to be commercially profitable, but are on the contrary an expense. Since the abolition

of slavery, the sugar plantations have been unproductive. With the constant improvements in shipping, the need for an intermediate port has become less and less important to navigators. An attempt, in the present century, to establish a coaling station at St. Thomas has not been very satisfactory, nor has the improvement in the harbor as yet resulted in drawing trade to the town. The fact that most of the nations who carry on extensive shipping in the West Indies have their own possessions there will continue to divert business from St. Thomas. The Danes have lacked the means, as well as the experience in tropical colonization needed for developing the islands. The population has dwindled, and the laws are so obsolete that some of the most medieval punishments which are still on the statutes are simply not executed by the humane administration. The sale of the islands would save the drain on the home treasury and would minimize the chance of international complications. Moreover, the islands themselves favor the sale and through their Colonial Councils have formally petitioned the home government to accept the offer of the United States without delay.

**The American Viewpoint**

The movement to acquire the Danish West Indies dates back to the Civil War, when naval officers complained to Lincoln of the lack of a base in those waters. Lincoln began his second administration with a firm expansionist policy, but lived only to complete the purchase of Alaska. After his death the second point on his programme, relating to the Danish West Indies, was made a pet project by Secretary Seward, who even went down to the islands to look them over, and by patient diplomatic maneuvering, succeeded in gaining the consent of the Danes. The treaty was killed in the Senate, partly due to personal spite and partly to the reaction against imperialism, which Bret Harte gave witty expression in his poem beginning "Very fair and full of promise Lay the island of St. Thomas." In 1892 and again in 1896, Denmark intimated her willingness to sell, but found no response on our side.

After the Spanish War, the expansion of the United States in the West Indies began with the acquisition of Porto Rico and the establishment of the right of intervention in Cuba. Americans were then in an imperialistic mood again, and when Denmark repeated her offer to sell, in 1901, it fell in fruitful soil. But by that time interest in the Western possessions had revived in Denmark also, and the treaty negotiated by Secretary Hay and Minister Brun was rejected by the Danish upper house.

France and England are firmly intrenched in the West Indies, and there remains no sphere of influence which another European power, specifically Germany, could enter without dislodging a weaker



nation, such as Holland or Denmark, from its islands. By purchasing the latter, the United States would ward off any complications that might arise. Our country already controls two of the three important passages into the vast basin of the Caribbean Sea, namely the Windward Passage between Cuba and San Domingo and the Mona Passage between San Domingo and Porto Rico. There remains the Virgin Passage between Porto Rico and the Lesser Antilles, and this is commanded by the Danish West Indies.

**Compulsory Arbitration** Norway, ever ready for experimental legislation, has bravely taken the step at which our Congress balked, and has resorted to compulsory arbitration in order to ward off a labor war of such dimensions that it would have wrecked the country as surely as a prolonged railroad strike would have brought unmeasured calamity upon our people. The law is expressly limited to conflicts that may arise during the present war, but it may be recalled that the principle of compulsory arbitration is a plank in the platform of the present Radical Government and quite in line with the trend of public opinion in Norway. We may therefore look on this as an entering wedge for permanent legislation.

A brief summary of the law may be of interest. Whenever the King shall find that a conflict between a union and an employer or organization of employers regarding wages, hours, or conditions of labor threatens the welfare of the community, he can decree that it shall be settled by arbitration. He can forbid the beginning or continuance of a strike or lockout. Pending the decision of the Arbitration Court, the conditions obtaining at the beginning of the conflict shall remain in force, unless the parties agree upon a change. The court is to consist of a chairman appointed by the King and four other members, two to be chosen by the King and the other two by the contending parties. If either one of the disputants should fail to send a representative within a specified time, he will be named by the King.

Each of the parties has the right to meet in court or to send from one to three delegates, who must have full authority to act. The court has the same power as an ordinary court to collect evidence and call witnesses. It can declare judgment even if either or both parties to the dispute should fail to appear. The decree of the court is to be binding in the same sense in which a labor contract is binding and for a definitely stated period, which must not exceed three years, unless the disputants should agree upon an extension of the time. The decree no more than a contract binds the employer to continue his business or an employee to remain at his work. It is only when cessation of work takes the form of a strike or lockout that it becomes a punishable offense. Differences in inter-

pretation of the decree will be referred to the already existing Labor Court. Responsibility for damages that may occur from failure to observe the decree of the court will be the same as for those occasioned by breaking a contract, and the punishment will be the same, as fixed in the law of 1915 regarding labor disputes.

**A Century of  
Work for  
Iceland**

One hundred years ago, the Icelandic Literary Society was founded upon the initiative of the famous Danish philologist, Rasmus Christian Rask, and the Reverend Árni Helgason. On August 16 of this year the Society celebrated its centennial in Reykjavik with twelve hundred members, each paying dues of two dollars a year—no small organization for a country of the size of Iceland. Its original purpose, which has been steadily adhered to for a century, was to maintain the Icelandic tongue and literature by publishing Icelandic books, chiefly those of modern date. From a small beginning the Society has become an institution of great importance in the distribution of knowledge and the encouragement of literary activities among the Icelanders. The list of its publications is long and includes many works indispensable to all students of Icelandic literature and history. In the early years of its existence the Society published *The Yearbook of Iceland* by Jón Espelén, a twelve-volume history in annal form covering the years from 1263 to 1832. One of its biggest enterprises was the publishing, in 1844, of the first reliable map of Iceland. The Society defrayed the expenses of surveying, which was done by Björn Gunnlaugsson.

As the name indicates, the publications of the Society are chiefly of a literary and historical character; yet a few among them are on the natural sciences, as for instance a work on the flora of Iceland, and some even deal with practical matters such as farming and the like. In later years, however, such subjects have been taken care of by other organizations. The magazine published by the Society, *Skirnir*, is now in its ninetieth year and is the oldest among existing Scandinavian magazines. For a long time the Society consisted of two sections, one in Copenhagen and one in Reykjavik, but after the transfer of the seat of government to Iceland and the establishment of a national university, Copenhagen is no longer in the same sense the intellectual center of Icelanders, and since 1911 the headquarters of the Society have been at Reykjavik. Its president is Professor Björn M. Olsen. The Society has received financial support from the Government and has now considerable funds at its disposal. We may thus expect increased activity from it in the future.

## Current Events

### Denmark

¶ "Access to the land" is one of the most important points in the programme of the Radical party now in power. A Land Commission has for some time been considering the best means of utilizing the enormous wealth lying fallow in the great entailed estates, said to be worth about four hundred million kroner. At present the holder of such an estate cannot sell or divide the land nor touch the capital. The finding of the Commission is that the land and capital should be made the absolute property of the holder upon the payment of ten per cent. of the value to the State and the further obligation of selling a certain number of acres at the market price. If this is put into effect it will release large tracts of land which, the Commission recommends, should be leased at a very low rental to any one who would cultivate it, the State at the same time extending long-term loans for buildings and implements. ¶ The Rigsdag has just passed a law to protect tenants against the rapacity of landlords by allowing the communes to create their own Rent Commissions of five members. Landlords renting apartments below a certain low price, varying from 400 kroner a year in the largest cities to 200 in the country, must report any raise in rent directly to the Commission, which then communicates with the tenant and hears his side of the question. In higher-priced apartments, the landlord notifies the tenant personally of a raise in the rent, but the tenant can, if he desires, appeal the matter to the Commission. If the Commission finds that the tenant has paid too much, the amount must be deducted from the next month's rent. There is no appeal from the finding of the Commission. ¶ The law has been hastened by difficult housing conditions. At present the greatest building activity is in the showy villas of the gullaschbarons in the outskirts of the capital. In fact, Copenhageners regret that their favorite promenade, Strandvejen, is being completely spoiled. ¶ His Majesty King Christian narrowly escaped with his life from a mishap that occurred when he was sailing alone in Aarhus bay, on July 28. His tiny boat overturned, and it was with difficulty that he managed to keep afloat until rescued. The King suffered no ill effects beyond great exhaustion. A week later he took part with his usual zest in the Öresund races. ¶ Plans are afoot for receiving in Denmark a large number of disabled prisoners of war from both the conflicting armies. ¶ The growth of trade between Denmark and Russia has led to the appointment of a Russian commercial attaché in Copenhagen.

## Norway

¶ A third conference of the three Scandinavian Governments opened in Christiania on September 19. While these conferences have not as yet shown any very tangible political results, their moral effect in Scandinavia itself as well as abroad has made them exceedingly worth while. A definite step toward concerted action was taken in Christiania by agreeing that the three Governments should keep one another informed of all measures for the protection of their rights as neutrals. The conferences will be continued.

¶ When asked by a foreign correspondent whether war within the borders of Scandinavia were a possibility, Premier Knudsen replied by pointing to the agreement between Norway and Sweden, in August, 1914, that under no circumstances would they bear arms against each other. He admitted that no such agreement had yet been formulated between Denmark and the other two. Sweden and Denmark were represented at the conference by their ministers of state and foreign ministers, who had lodgings at the castle. At a dinner given in their honor, King Haakon expressed the united resolve of the Scandinavian countries to preserve their neutrality.

¶ Two new departments have been created in the Norwegian Government, the Department of Commerce headed by Mr. Friis Petersen, and the Provision Department headed by Governor Oddmund Vik. The latter will deal with the problem, which has become acute during the war, of supplying food at reasonable rates. It will co-operate with the food commissions in the various communes and will fix maximum prices on a scale graded according to the locality.

¶ In order to protect the fishing industries, the Government has fixed a set of detailed regulations, carefully formulated by the Customs Department. An embargo has been laid on fish, and in order to get a dispensation from this, the exporter must guarantee that neither the fisherman nor the manufacturer has received any part of his materials or tools from a country at war with the power for which the goods are destined. Thus fish canned in British tin or put up in oil furnished by Britain's allies cannot be sold to the Central powers. To insure that Germany shall not be cut off by this order from the Norwegian fish supply, the German Consul-General in Christiania has announced that Germany stands ready to furnish coal, salt, petroleum, and fishing-tackle in unlimited quantities. In fact, stores of salt and coal have already been deposited in various western harbors for the use of fishermen who will send their catch to Germany. ¶ A new dry law has recently been passed by the Storting making total abstinence obligatory for officers and men of the army and navy, for street-car conductors, railroad men, and chauffeurs.



## Sweden

¶ Mail advices from Scandinavia give a full account of the latest point at issue between Sweden and the Allies, that relating to the Kogrund channel. This passage forms the Swedish part of the Öresund and, as long as it was open, the vessels of the Allies could slip through without danger from the German mines that strewed the outside passage. But sometimes German war craft in pursuit would encroach on Swedish waters, and Sweden found the duty of guarding her neutrality so arduous that she decided on mining the channel, after giving due warning. This was made the occasion of a joint protest, presented on August 30, by the four allied powers: England, Italy, France, and Russia. They claimed that Sweden was virtually aiding the Central powers in closing the entrance to the Baltic to the western Allies, while Germany continued to have free play. Sweden's reply, delivered on September 9, was courteous but insisted on her right to take whatever steps seemed best to guard her neutrality. ¶ The issue of the Russian mails is still unsettled. Sweden has released the 60,000 or more parcels held on the border, but refused to pledge herself not to interfere with Russian mail in the future. Thereupon Great Britain withdrew her promise to submit the questions regarding her seizure of Swedish mails to arbitration after the war. ¶ While the diplomatic situation remains tense, there are hopeful signs that the difficulties in the way of trade are being adjusted. The Swedish Government has consented that guarantees against re-export of British goods be given, provided the control and inspection be exercised by itself, and to this England has agreed. There has followed a letting down of bars against exports to Sweden. A large shipment of leather greatly relieved the Swedish leather industries. One hundred and fifty thousand barrels of Iceland herring, destined by the Swedish fishermen for the Government Food Commission, and held up by the British authorities, were allowed to pass, and no difficulties were put in the way of importing a like quantity from Norway. An inspired article in the *Morning Post* is paternal rather than hostile in tone and points out the great advantage to Sweden in developing the trade route to Russia. ¶ The business of Sweden with her eastern neighbor is growing inevitably with the pressure of events, undisturbed by diplomatic notes. The connecting link between the railroad systems of Finland and Sweden will soon be made. The Swedish-Russian convention for a bridge at Haparanda was signed in Petrograd recently, and construction will begin at once under the supervision of the Swedish authorities.

## Brief Notes

The eighth anniversary of the founding of the American-Scandinavian Society will be celebrated on the evening of November 21, by a banquet at the Hotel Astor, New York. As guests of honor the two former presidents, Mr. John A. Gade and Mr. John Aspegren, have been invited.

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A new translation of *Brand* by Miles Menander Dawson has been published by the Four Seas Company, 67 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. The work required twenty-five years; Ibsen, during his life, read parts of the manuscript and authorized the translation. It will be reviewed in an early issue. The book sells for \$1.50, but is offered to REVIEW readers for \$1.35, postage free.

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*Prisoner's Relief Fund*: Contributions will be received by the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW during the progress of the war and forwarded to the Swedish Committee. \$106 was sent in September. \$100 has been contributed by Mr. Henry J. Krebs, of Wilmington, Delaware, for the Russian and German invalids passing through Sweden.

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Leif Ericson day is growing in popularity. The celebration in Boston, on September 30 of this year, was called the nine hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Vinland. It included a gathering around the statue in Commonwealth Avenue and an automobile trip to Norumbega Tower. Among the speakers were two of the Trustees of the Foundation, Professor William Henry Schofield and Professor William Hovgaard.

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Through the efforts of the American Scandinavian Alliance, of New York, the plan for a John Ericsson monument is about to be realized. Congress has made an appropriation of \$35,000 for a worthy memorial to the creator of the *Monitor*.

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Mr. John A. Gade, whose work on Charles Twelfth of Sweden has just been published by Houghton Mifflin, has accepted a position on the Belgian Relief Commission. He will probably remain in Belgium during the winter.

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The anniversary of the Bishop Hill Colony in Illinois was celebrated with more than usual interest, on September 23, as it is now seventy years since the coming of the first Swedish colonists. Pictures and other relics of the early settlers were exhibited in the old houses that are still standing. The speech of welcome to the visitors was made by Mr. Philip J. Stoneberg.

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The *Modern Art Collector*, published monthly by the Society of Modern Art, 15 West 38th Street, New York, has issued a Sweden Art Number containing twenty-four full-page reproductions from the recent Swedish Circuit Exhibition. The price for single copies is one dollar.

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Mr. Lawrence J. Munson has been appointed director of the Kellerman Institute of Musical Art in Brooklyn. Mr. Munson has on many occasions given generous assistance as organist and director at concerts arranged by various Scandinavian societies.

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN, *Literary Editor*

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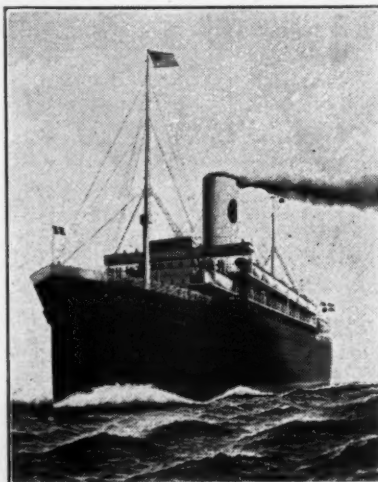
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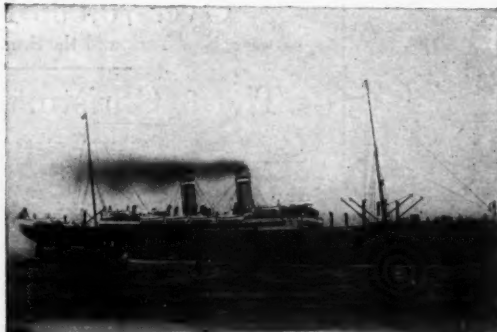
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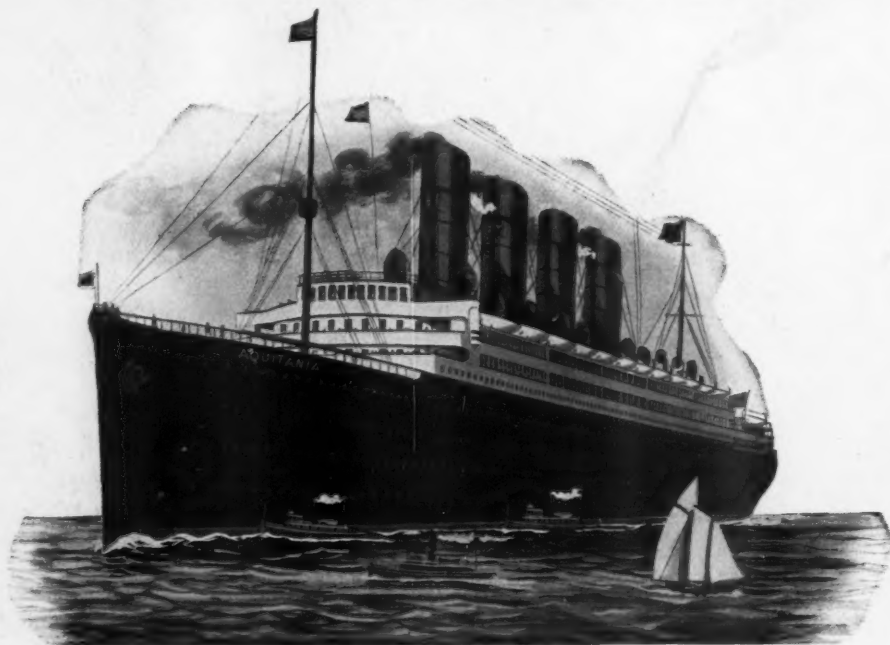
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